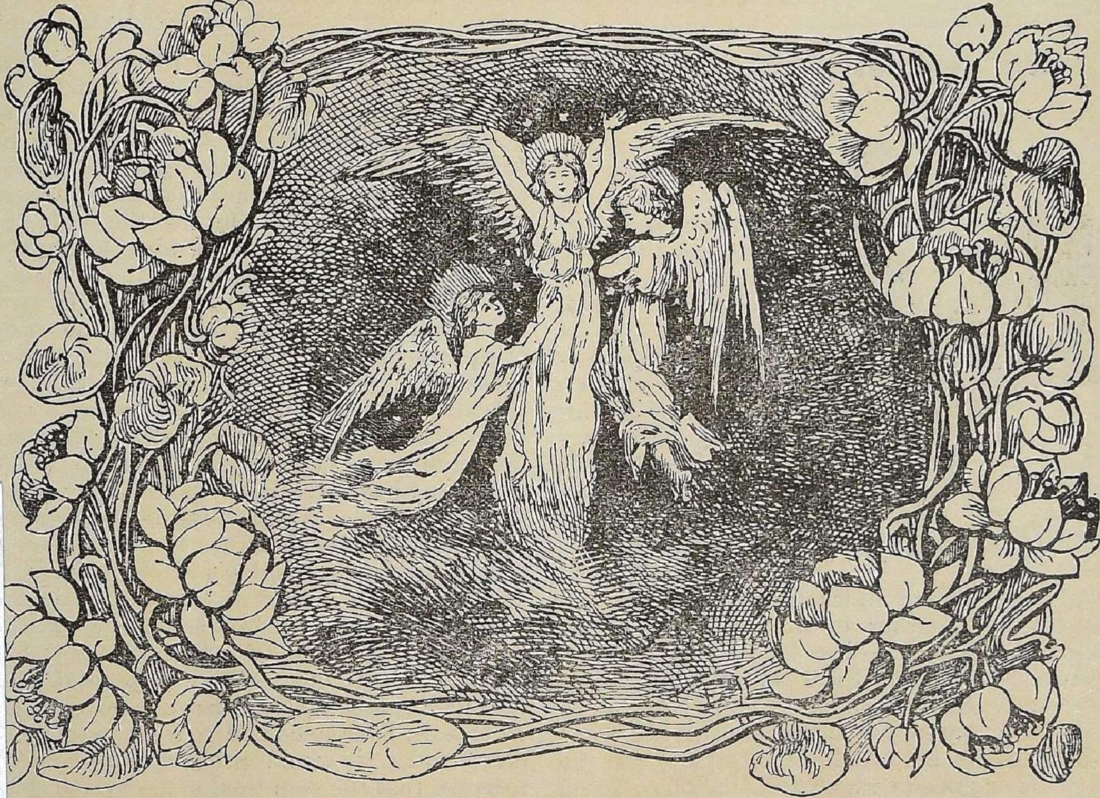

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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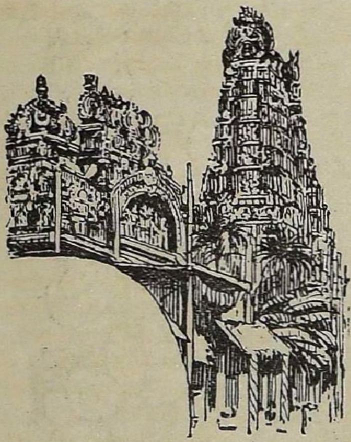
THE FORMER THINGS.

There shall be no more night and no more sea."
—Yet to have known the tranquil twilight hour
And seen the slow sweep of the silver stars
Across the cold depths of the winter sky,
Or waited in the hush before the dawn;
To have been driven on the mighty wave
And dwelt within the curtains of the storm,
Or seen the tempest batter on the cliffs
Till it is broken to a murmuring peace
And all its surges softened into foam,—
Shall not the sons of men remember these,
Rejoicing they have known them, in the day
When sundering oceans and the pathless dark
Have passed away, and never can return?

"There shall be no more tears and no more pain."
—Yet to have known the patient hour of trust,
And seen the stars of faith and hope arise
Out of the blackness of a midnight grief,
Or grasped the robe of God within the dark;
To have been swept far from self's safe-laid course
Into the heart of all the human storm
Of sorrow, and have battled through the surge
Bringing some shipwrecked brother to the shore,
Or learned the secret of accepted pain,
The fellowship of suffering and woe—
Shall not the souls of men remember these,
Rejoicing in remembrance, in the day
When sacrifice for others and for God
Has passed away, and never can return?

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

The Industries of India.



THERE has been a great development of industrial enterprise in India during the last few years, the extent of which may perhaps best be guaged by the increased consumption of coal in the country. Excluding the coal which is exported, practically all the coal raised from Indian mines and all the coal imported is used either on the Railways or for industrial purposes. Year by year the amount of power generated in India is increasing and up till recently the main source of supply has been from coal or wood, but now water-power is beginning to play a not unimportant part, and the use of oil engines in which kerosine oil or liquid fuel is the source of motive power is rapidly increasing. Statistics are very misleading and I do not propose to quote them, but a careful study of such as are available reveals the fact that the consumption of power in India is making progress in a very marked manner. It may be assumed that this power is being usefully and profitably employed and that, therefore, industrial development is proceeding apace. Unfortunately, however, most of the capital which has set this machinery in motion has been brought into the country and the profits derived therefrom go out of the country with the result that India enjoys few of the advantages which are usually attendant on industrial activity. All this work proceeds on modern lines and differs but little from similar work going on in other parts of the world. The Cotton Mills of Bombay, the Tanneries of Cawnpore, the Jute Mills of Calcutta, the Coal Mines of Bengal and the Gold Mines of Mysore are all evidence that the material resources of India are being utilised, but none of them are worked in such a way or present any special features which will justify us in characterising them as the industries of India. They are not indigenous to the country and they affect the great bulk of the artisan population, but very slightly.

The chief characteristic of the industries of India is that they are all carried on by hand-labour, and not in workshops or factories. The methods of working at the present day are much the same as they were 200 years ago when they differed but little, and then generally advantageously, from the processes employed in other parts of the civilized world. Eastern travellers brought back fabulous tales of the wealth of India and from the beginning of the sixteenth century the maritime nations of Europe eagerly competed one with another for the trade of the Orient. In the tropics the needs of humanity are much more easily satisfied than in Northern regions and the hardy mariners of Elizabethan times must have been struck with the absence of squalor and the comparative luxury in which Eastern people lived. Before the modern era of inventions began and men relied almost entirely on their own labour for getting things done, the more genial climatic conditions of Southern Asia must have rendered it possible to accumulate wealth more rapidly than in North-western Europe, where the day's work could do but little more than supply the day's needs. When East and West first met it is doubtful if there was much to choose between the material condition and prosperity of the two; if anything, it was in favour of the former. The change began about the middle of the eighteenth century and has gone on steadily ever since and year by year the gulf grows wider. It would probably not be difficult to prove that the sum total of the wealth of India has been steadily increasing for many years past, but it would also not be difficult to show that under British rule certain classes of the community have suffered severely. Under the Pax Britannica the rich man grows richer and the usurer exacts his interest without fear of the consequences. The agricultural population are certainly better off than they used to be, but equally certain it is that the artisan classes have suffered severely by the unrestricted competition of the manufacturers of Europe and by the change in tastes of the people themselves. The great Exhibition of Indian Art Industries which was held at the Delhi Durbar revealed in a very striking manner the decadent condition into which they have fallen. The Indian craftsman in the old days worked for his native patron and leisurely he produced those works of art which excited the admiration of the rest of the world. Nowadays the wealthy classes adorn their dwellings with gilt mirrors, French bronzes and take delight in musical boxes and mechanical toys and the native craftsman has to work for the dealers in Eastern curiosities. It is a sordid business, and the results are painfully apparent. In no direction would the Swadeshi movement, which has recently risen into such prominence, produce more beneficial results than by the purifying effect of its influence upon the perverted tasties of the educated classes in this country. But it is very doubtful if the enthusiasm, which has been aroused about the Swadeshi movement, will last long enough to achieve any permanent result;

and in Madras, therefore, we are to be congratulated on the fact that the funds subscribed for a memorial of the Life and Reign of Queen Victoria are to be devoted to a serious attempt to regenerate the Art Industries in this Presidency. The memorial building is in course of erection in the Pantheon Road on a piece of land adjoining the compound of the Government Central Museum and the foundation stone was laid by the Prince of Wales on the 24th January of this year. Inside this building when it is completed will be arranged an exhibition of choice specimens of Indian Art work. These will be collected from all parts of the Presidency and will be for sale to any one who wishes to purchase. The money received by the sale of the articles will be utilised to advance funds to master-craftsmen to make other examples of their work. The intention is that the Victoria Memorial Institute should take the place of the old native patron who for many centuries kept Indian Art alive. He is gone, but there are thousands of people of cultivated taste who would be glad to possess and have at the same time the means whereby they can acquire works of Indian Art. Travelling through the country, they find it impossible to gratify their tastes because no means at present exist of bringing them into contact with the master-craftsmen who are still to be found in various parts of the Presidency. The Institute will supply the capital necessary to set this scheme in motion and there is but little doubt that it will exert a marked influence on the production of Art wares in this Presidency.

From an economic point of view the Art Industries are, however, very insignificant and their decay is a matter of regret not because it materially affects the condition of the people of this country but because it is a symptom of disease in the body politic which no local remedies will cure. The Art of India has always been intimately associated with its religious life and the decay of the one is symptomatic of the prevailing spirit of scepticism. The old Indian Art, if not dead, is dying, and no effort of our schools which are exotic institutions modelled after South Kensington will breathe new life into what is past reanimation.

By contrast it is pleasant to turn from the decadent Art Industries to the great neglected industries which, despite the evil times which have come to them, still furnish the means of livelihood to many millions of the population. In the aggregate an enormous amount of money has been spent upon the Indian Art Industries, but very little upon the more commonplace work of the artisans and yet none can gainsay the fact that, where a proper policy has been adopted and vigorous efforts put forth, there the results have been distinctly encouraging. India can never regain the high place she once occupied in the industrial world, but there is no reason why she should be the Cinderella among civilised peoples. A century of leeway has to be made up and that too the century in which the most rapid industrial progress has been made which causes India to appear to the superficial observer to be in a much more backward condition than she really is. Let the people of the country devote their surplus wealth to providing capital for industrial enterprise, let the Government of the country provide adequate facilities for the education of every grade of industrial worker, let those who possess intelligence, energy and skill devote themselves to productive labour, and there is but little doubt that a mighty change will be soon accomplished. At present India benefits but little by the exploitation of her natural resources with foreign capital. Not only do all the profits from such industries go out of the country, but the whole conduct of business is in the hands of foreigners and the natives have few opportunities of gathering that experience which would enable them to undertake similar enterprises themselves. Take, for instance, the Kolar Gold Fields in Mysore. During the last five-and-twenty years no less than 35 crores of rupees worth of gold have been extracted from these mines and a very large proportion of this sum has been clear profit which the shareholders have received in the way of dividends. The Mining Companies are all registered in London and the bulk of the shares are held by English shareholders. Consequently, the people of India have benefited very little by the discovery and exploitation of these remarkable auriferous reefs. It might be thought that the magnificent results which, on the whole, have attended mining at Kolar would have incited attempts to achieve similar results in places where the conditions are apparently equally favourable. This has been the case and in the Raichur, Doab and the Dharwar Reefs it is not impossible that flourishing mining ventures may be developed; but this work also is being done with foreign capital and the gold of India is being drained out of the country just as surely as when Alexander levied tribute in North-western India or Nadir Shah sacked Delhi.

The Mysore Government have however done not a little to secure for that Province some permanent benefit from this meteoric outburst of industrial activity. The Mining Royalties which they have received amount now to no insignificant sum and in addition, by the judicious expenditure of capital in developing the water-power of the Kaveri Falls, they have been enabled to supply the Mines with cheap power, whilst at the same time obtaining for themselves an extraordinarily profitable investment. The

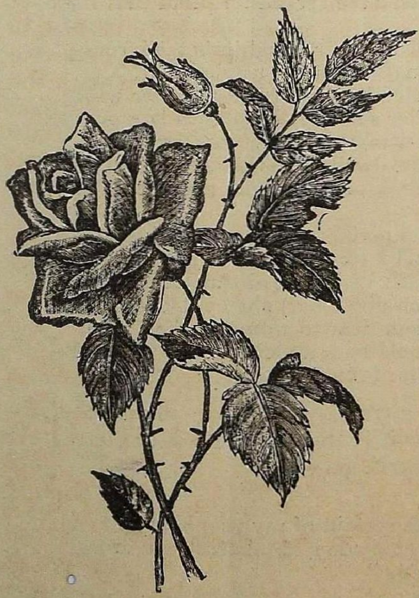
Mysore Government is entitled to the full credit of being the pioneers of electrical industrial development in India, but it is doubtful if they have made the most of their unique opportunities for obtaining practical experience in connection with the industrial developments which have been going on in their midst. A geological department has been started to explore the mineral resources of the Province, but no school of mines has been founded at Kolar to train up a native class of miners and the result is that future developments must still be in the hands of Mining Engineers from other parts of the world. This is a striking instance of how India suffers from neglect of its own opportunities and it will be easy to tell a similar story wherever any form of modern industrial enterprise is being carried on. Contrast the crowds of graduates which flock to the Law Colleges with the two or three to be found in the Engineering Colleges and there you will find the reason why India is so extremely poor amidst so much wealth. Travelling about India, one cannot fail to be struck by the signs of prosperity and wealth which meet one on every hand, but it is mostly due to the enterprise of foreigners and the yearly industrial tribute which India has to pay to absentee capitalists is ever on the increase. Tilling the soil is the occupation of the great bulk of the population and agriculture ever has been, and probably ever will be, the chief occupation of the people of India. We are just now passing through a wave of enthusiasm in respect of agricultural improvement and it is not improbable that this time permanent results of great value will be ultimately achieved. It is doubtful if Europe can teach India much in regard to agriculture, but there is no doubt that India can teach itself an enormous amount and that there is a great difference between the best and worst agricultural districts. Unquestionably the direction in which the greatest possible benefits may be expected is in the extension of irrigation works, both great projects and little schemes. There is no question but that the subterranean water is far from being fully utilised and yet 13 million acres of land are entirely dependent upon it. The advance of modern engineering science has placed within the reach of the cultivators greatly improved methods of lifting water. All that is necessary is that there should be a certain minimum supply and the diminished cost of lifting the water has greatly extended the depth from which it is profitable to work. The modern internal combustion engine and the centrifugal pump are a combination of the greatest possible value to agriculture in India. Not only will they enable to be extended the area under irrigation, but they will introduce into the lives of the people a whole new train of ideas which, in course of time, will effect a complete revolution in their habits of thought.

India is poor, mainly because the people have not yet been able to use machinery for getting their work done. Cheap labour, the absence of capital and an extraordinary lack of mechanical skill have been the principal influences which have prevented progress. An enormous amount of energy is expended on lifting water and there can be scarcely any doubt that the application of mechanical methods of working to one of the most common necessities of the agriculturist will lead to the application of the same power in other directions. In fact the success of oil engine for irrigation has already induced the same people in some instances to apply it to driving sugarcane mills and it is pretty certain that gradually the people of this country will become familiarised with the use of machinery and no longer look upon it with suspicion. When this state of things is brought about, Indian industries are likely to revive. The artisans of India are in a bad way because they suffer from the unrestricted competition of the most advanced factories of Europe and America, and they have not been able to make the slightest attempt to adapt themselves to the changes in their environment. Passively they have met the changed circumstances by selling their labour at lower and lower rates, by working longer hours and demanding greater assistance from their women and children. Compared with their once flourishing condition, they are now in a deplorable state, and undoubtedly the greatest difficulty in the way of improvement is their own ignorance and prejudice. Private enterprise on modern lines affects but few of them, and the remainder will have to look to Government to initiate undertakings, to devise measures and to carry out experiments with the object of improving their welfare. Without capital nothing can be done, but it is certain that it will be easy enough to find capital when it can be shown that it can be employed profitably. What is mainly wanted is to educate the artisans and to get them to work together under the direction of persons of greatest skill and intelligence. It is necessary that the educated classes should be attracted into the industrial arena and that there they should be certain of finding a suitable field for their talents and adequate remuneration for the work they do. Practically it comes to this—that native industries must be organised in small factories or in large ones, that the artisans must be provided with good tools and that they must work under the direction of technically trained Managers. Then and then only will it be possible to make the most of the enormous advantage which the cheapness of labour offers. Labour which

is mainly expended in muscular effort can seldom or never do work as cheaply as it can be done by machinery. It is cheap trained labour which might be abundant in this country, and is not. In Japan, labour is very cheap, very abundant and in process of being trained, in fact much of it is already extraordinarily well trained; the result is that Japan is rapidly becoming a formidable competitor among the industrial nations of the world. In India, the extraordinary achievements of Japan have been regarded with unbounded admiration. Every man is willing that his neighbour should go and do likewise, but none or at any rate very few are willing to sacrifice themselves and be the pioneers in resuscitating the industries of their country. Government can do an enormous amount, if there is material to work upon. Without that material, its most strenuous efforts must prove futile. How small an amount of material is available is evidenced by the difficulty which has been experienced in inducing suitable young men to accept the Government of India technical scholarships. Hundreds are willing to take them, but usually as the last resource and when they have failed to find a suitable opening in a more congenial sphere of work. With such men as these it is not likely that the industrial regeneration of India will be accomplished.

ALFRED CHATTERTON.

Enid, one of the heroines of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.'



To read Tennyson's Idylls of the King is to enter, as it were, into an old world, the old world of romance and high honour, of chivalry and knighthood, of sweet love and gentle ladyhood. A peep into such a treasure-house will well repay our efforts, especially after the hard utilitarianism of modern days. The eager pursuit after honour and honour only, the loyal obedience and love to the king, the manly protection of gentle ladies, the chivalric love of beauty, the air of mystic romance which hangs over all—all these irresistibly attract—though there are faults enough even in such a world—the minds of all lovers of the beautiful, the good and the true. Among the twelve idylls, two of the most beautiful are the "The Marriage of Geraint" and "Enid and Geraint." The manly figure of the noble knight Geraint, the sweet image of the lovely lady Enid, are the centres of these beautiful tales. Enid is the exact image of the *Pativrata* "or devoted wife," of ancient Hindu mythology—a phase of character, which enters into the characters of all our well-known heroines—the chaste Sita, the wifely Damayanti, the brave Chandramati, the sweet Rukmani, the faithful Radha, the constant Sakuntala, the undaunted Savitri, all of them heroines so well-beloved by Indian people. We all know the story of Griselda, the patient submissive wife; Griselda also is supposed to be a Pativrita—a perfect example of a true wife. But was she not too submissive? She was a mere tool in her husband's hands. Our Indian Pativratas are not like that, and so also is not Enid, our present heroine. A devoted wife, and yet a strong-charactered woman, she is worthy of our utmost admiration.

The story of Enid begins in the middle of the Idyll of the Marriage of Geraint. King Arthur and his court go out hunting one early morning. But Queen Guinevere who is late can only witness the hunting. She takes up her station on a little knoll. Presently she is joined by Prince Geraint, a tributary prince of Devon, a gallant figure in his gay flashing court dress. He is also late. As they wait for the hunting party to gallop across, a knight, a lady and a dwarf ride by. The Queen sends her maid to enquire the name of the knight, who has an imperious haughty face. But the maid is insulted and even stuck at by the surly dwarf. Upon this, Prince Geraint, as in duty bound, rides away to avenge this insult to the Queen. He tracks the stranger knight and dwarf to a little town. All the citizens of the town are very busy and answer, when asked, that they are working for the "sparrow-hawk," who is evidently much disliked. Geraint is full of contempt for the sparrows who will allow the destructive sparrow-hawk to rule them. There is no place for him to stay in, because all are busy over a tournament, which is to be held the next day. As a last resort, Geraint is told to ride to a decayed castle, which belongs to Earl Yniol, once rich, but now very poor. He is well-received by the "hoary-headed Earl."

The whole castle is in ruins, but in the midst

of all this ruin, like a diamond in its mine of coal and dust, lived the beautiful Enid, Yniol's daughter. He first hears her sweet voice;

> "And as the sweet voice of a bird,
> Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
> Moves him to think what kind of a bird it is,
> That sings so delicately clear,
> So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint."

Enid seems to be of a happy gay temperament. Hers was a nature which could be contented even in the midst of poverty. Born in the luxury of an earldom, she yet could reconcile herself with happy content to the life of exile.

With him it is love at first sight, or at first hearing, for he thinks, "Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me." Then he sees Enid standing by her old mother;

> "Like a blossom vermeil-white,
> That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,
> Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk."

This time he is completely won over. Sweet love wholly sways him: "Here by God's word, is the one maiden for me." If a mere sight of her is enough to win Geraint, it is needless to say that he is even more attracted by near acquaintance with her, by Enid's touching humility and sweet serviceableness, for, not possessing a servant, Enid has to do a great deal of work, take the horse to the stable herself, go to the market, cook and wait at table. This she does with the sweetest unconsciousness and willingness. Is not this a good lesson for each one of us?

> "Seeing her so sweet and serviceable,
> Geraint had longing in him evermore
> To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb,
> That crost the trencher as she laid it down."

He enquires of Earl Yniol who the proud stranger knight is, and is told the story of the "sparrow-hawk," who is none other than Yniol's own nephew, who, because the old Earl had refused to accept his suit for Enid, in vengeance had spread a rumour that Yniol had falsely appropriated money belonging to himself. Upon this Earl Yniol's own men had risen against him, had sacked his house and ousted him from his earldom. Geraint promises Yniol that he will break the pride of this sparrow-hawk; but is told that he can tilt at the tourney only if his own lady-love be there. Upon this Geraint at once confesses his love for Enid: "I never saw," he says,

> "Tho' having seen all beauties of our time,
> Nor can see elsewhere, anything so fair;
> if I live,
> So aid me Heaven when at mine uttermost,
> As I will make her truly my true wife."

Enid has slipped away from the room; for she is of the old-fashioned type of girls and is not forward enough to stay in the room when she is talked about. But, with her also, it must have been love at first sight, for, when her mother speaks to her of Geraint's love,

> "Never light and shade,
> Coursed one another more on open ground,
> Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and pale
> Across the face of Enid;
> While slowly falling as a scale that falls,
> When weight is added only grain by grain,
> Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast;
> Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a word,
> Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of it."

Notice here her shy innocence and purity of heart. She is of a delicate refined nature. She is afraid of her own love; and yet, shy as she is, she acknowledges that love.

Early the next morning, the tournament is held; and Prince Geraint is victor. The vanquished knight, who gives his name as Edryn, son of Nudd, restores the earldom to Yniol, and Geraint wins the sweet Enid for his wife. He is in a hurry to go back to the court, taking Enid with him. But Enid is ashamed to go in her faded silk. Just then, however, among the Earl's recovered property, is found a beautiful dress which Enid's mother had given her, but which had been lost. Enid is delighted and prepares to wear the dress; but, strange to say, Geraint sends a message that, if she wished to please him, she should wear nothing but her faded silk. Enid is very disappointed, but obeys her new lord, and thereby dispels a doubt he has entertained about the motive of her love for him. As he tells her mother:

> "I came among you here so suddenly,
> That tho' her gentle presence at the lists
> Might well have served for proof that I was loved,
> I doubted whether daughter's tenderness,
> Or easy nature, might not let itself
> Be moulded by your wishes for her weal;
> Or whether some false sense in her own self
> Of my contrasting brightness, overbore
> Her fancy, dwelling in this dusky hall;
> And such a sense might make her long for court
> And all its perilous glories: and I thought,
> That could I some way prove such force in her
> Link'd with such love for me, that at a word
> (No reason given her) she could cast aside
> A splendour dear to women; then I felt
> That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,
> Fixt on her faith."

"Now," he says; and this we must specially fix in mind, for it is the one necessary characteristic of true marriage—

> "I do rest,
> A prophet certain of my prophecy,
> That never shadow of mistrust can cross
> Between us."

And, indeed, was it not most sweet of Enid to give up what was dear to her and obey her hus-

band in what seemed an unnecessary request? Enid had a soft nature, a pliable heart, and yet she could show strength of mind, where necessary, as we shall see.

Then Geraint and Enid ride away and, after reaching Court, are married, with all happy accompaniments. The wedded lovers stay on at Court; and Geraint is happy, for the stately Queen whom he admires is kind to his wife, and

"Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart
Adored her, as the stateliest and the best
And loveliest of all women upon earth."

It is not often that a woman admires another woman. But, where women love each other, their friendship is stronger than the friendship of men. This love of Enid for one who was lovelier than herself but shows her genuine worth and true goodness. But soon a bad rumour arose about the Queen; and Geraint, afraid lest his sweet wife should be tainted, gets the necessary permission from the king, and departs with his wife to an unruly land, which he hopes to reduce to law and order.

Thus enter Geraint and Enid into the fair haven of their married life; "He compassed her with sweet observances"; "he loved her, as he loved the light of Heaven :—

And, as the light of Heaven varies, now
At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night
With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint
To make her beauty vary day by day,
In crimsons and in purples and in gems."

And Enid, sweet wife, "but to please her husband's eye," dressed every day "in some fresh splendour." She remembered that her husband had rescued her from her state of poverty and did all she could to show her gratitude. Her husband was her first thought. How few women dress to please their husbands! As soon as we marry, we think there is no need to dress prettily. Our home dresses are shabby and clumsy. And how little we seem to realize that men like to see their wives fresh and sweet. Dress may be very inexpensive and yet very pretty; and, if one has the taste, or at least the desire, one can surround oneself with pretty things at very little cost.

Enid's home-life was a happy one therefore. In her home, there must have been mutual consideration, mutual thoughtfulness, mutual love; each one thought of the other first. And thus all went "as happy as a marriage bell;" but only for a time; for Enid soon found one thing wanting in her husband; and here it is that she shows her strength of character. In his boundless love he had forgotten his duty to his king, his knighthood, his glory, everything in fact beside her. To Enid, though many a woman would have gloried in such a love, such forgetfulness was hateful. She wished her husband to be a manly man, to do his whole duty. Honour and love were linked together in her mind.

"I cannot love my lord and not his name," she cries. But, out of her "bashful delicacy," she is not able to tell her husband so. I think it was less her shyness, than her shrinking from hurting his feelings, that prevented her speaking to her husband on the matter. In such mutual communion of thought as they must have had, Enid must have lost her shyness, at least to her husband. But how could she hurt his feelings? How tell him he has not fulfilled her whole ideal of manhood? It is the creed of honesty and true duty to tell our freinds our real opinion of them; but natural delicacy and refinement often point the other way.

One day, however, while her husband is still sleeping, Enid wakes up and laments over him in a half audible voice. Her lamentation is a pathetic one.

"O noble breast and a l-puissant arms,
Am I the cause, I the poor cause that men
Reproach you, saying all your force is gone?
I am the cause, because I dare not speak
And tell him wh t I think, and what they say."

Far better would Enid prefer her lord to go fighting to the field; but—here her womanly fear comes in :—

"Far better were I laid in the dark earth,
Not hearing any more his noble voice,
Not to be folded more in those dear arms,
And darkened from the high light in his eyes.
Am I so bold, and could I so stand by,
And see my dear lord wounded in the strife,
Or may be pierced to death before mine eyes?"

Ah no! she could not do that! And yet she could! Was she not born in the days of knighthood? Was she not the daughter of a noble knight, the wife of a gallant warrior? Even so must the Spartan women have been torn between their love and their duty. Then Enid goes on to bewail her inability to tell her husband of his fault; saying "O me I fear that I am no true wife." Unfortunately, Geraint wakes up to hear only these last words, and his mind, in which there had ever been a fear that his wife might have been contaminated by Queen Guinevere, jumps at once to the conclusion that Enid is not true to him. Not that he suspected her of infidelity, "he loved and reverenced her too much for that;" but he thought in his humility that she was not satisfied with him, that she would have preferred a better man than himself. So he jumps out of bed, tells his squire to get his charger ready, and commands Enid to put on her meanest dress and follows him. Enid wishes to know what her fault is; but he merely asks her to obey him. So she takes

out the old faded silk dress in which he had woed her and which she had preserved very carefully. Is she not a sweet woman? Grateful to her husband, not ashamed of the poverty from which he had rescued her, proud of his love for her, she meekly obeys him. Many women may have refused to obey his command. But Enid was not of that sort. And yet, if her refusal had been necessary for the rectitude of her principles, I am sure she would have refused.

Here the Idyll of "The Marriage of Geraint" ends, and "Geraint and Enid" begins. They start on their travels. Geraint bids Enid go a long way before him:

> "Perhaps because he loved her passionately
> And felt that tempest brooding round his heart
> Which, if he spoke at all, would break perforce
> Upon a head so dear, in thunder."

Enid is "aghast"; but she is not resentful; she is not angry with him for his unreasonable treatment of her. She only thinks of him. Here we notice her complete freedom from self, her complete absorption in her husband. This was a *Pativrata*.

> "And she was ever praying the sweet heavens
> To save her dear lord whole from any wound."

And, poor woman, far from being wroth with him,

> "Ever in her mind she cast about
> For that unnoticed failing in herself,
> Which made him look so cloudy and so cold,
> Then thought again, 'If there be such in me,
> I might amend it by the grace of Heaven,
> If he would only speak and tell me of it.'"

So full of humility and innocence and want of self-confidence is she.

Then Enid, who is far in front, hears three knights whispering together of a scheme to fall on her husband. Geraint has told her not to speak to him, whatever happens, "on her duty as a wife." But Enid disobeys him. Griselda may have absolutely obeyed, but Enid thinks

> "Far liefer by his dear hand had I die
> Than that my lord should sufferloss or shame."

Frail and delicate, dependant of nature, gentle-hearted as she is, she yet has strength to dare his wrath. So she waits to tell her husband. He is angry with her and nearly accuses her of longing for his death. Poor Enid's heart is broken; but never a word does she answer. She only waits "pale and sorrowful." Geraint is attacked by the knights, but, thanks to her warning, is able to defeat them. Then he does what seems to be an unmanly action, but what is in reality a trial of her faith. He loads the three horses with the dead knights' armour, and bids Enid drive them on before her. Enid does not wax indignant. Still, she is humble and faithful, anxious to do his pleasure. She does as he tells her; and pity "for the being he loved best in the world," nearly unlocks her husband's heart; but, if he did unlock his heart, he would have to accuse her; and he would rather strike her dead than "to her own bright face accuse her of the least immodesty." So again they ride on in silence as before. And again, three other horsemen lie in wait for Geraint. This time also Enid determines to brave her husband's anger and speak to him. Tenderly she thinks that her husband is weary with the previous fight; and tenderly she considers to herself,

"Though he kill me for it, I save a life dearer to me than mine." Geraint and the horsemen fight, Enid can only breathe "short fits of prayer" for her husband. This time also is Geraint victorious and bids Enid drive on three more laden horses before her, and the trouble she had with these horses "served a little to disedge the sharpness of that pain about her heart." Never does she complain of fatigue or pain, though they travel through swamps and perilous paths and wildernesses; and willingly does she perform the difficult task set to her, so foreign to her delicate physique and her delicate training. Is not such endurance strength of character? We must notice also that not only does she do her duty, but does it well. "Her low firm voice and tender government" are felt by the horses.

After a while, Geraint, noticing how pale Enid was, asks a passing youth to give them a little food. Even here Enid tries to please her husband and tries to eat, though much against her own desire. After this, they stay a while in a meadow, and Geraint remembers with shame his own thought that no shadow of distrust should ever come between his wife and himself. Enid, poor girl, thinks of her mother and remembers

> "her old ruined hall,
> And all the windy clamour of the daws
> About her hollow turret."

She sits with saddened heart, playing listlessly with bits of grass. Then the youth who gave them food, tells them of a vacant room in the town; and there they stay till disturbed by the sudden entrance of a noisy crowd of revellers. The leader of these is none other than the wild lord Limours, one of Enid's old suitors. He talks and jests with Geraint, and, after a while, seeing Enid sitting sadly apart, comes to speak to her and tries to tempt her to listen to his wicked words. Enid is terror-stricken, but even in the midst of her wild fear finds a channel of escape. She prevaricates and answers deceitfully that Earl Limours should come early in the morning and take her from Geraint by violence. Notice how even the purest women can deceive and tell lies for their love's sake. Such is the power of love! Then, when they are again left alone, Enid is just making up her mind to again

disobey her lord's command of silence, when he drops off to sleep; and

> "Enid had no heart
> To wake him, but hung o'er him, wholly pleased;
> To find him yet unwounded after fight."

A sudden noise after a while wakens Geraint, and Enid tells him all about Earl Limours, except what he had said to her about her having lost the love of Geraint. Notice the delicacy of feeling of this girl, the tact, the thoughtfulness, the care not to hurt her husband, even though he has so cruelly hurt her. Yet she tells him of the strategy she herself had used, though there was the fear that the telling of this might have still more alienated her husband. A pure woman might tell an untruth for the sake of him she loves, but never will she tell a lie for her own sake, to save herself.

Geraint pays the host his reckoning and rides out of the inn. He again tells Enid not to speak at any cost. She meekly defends herself that she speaks for his good; but he upbraids her with the remark that she need not take care of him; he is man enough to do that; and man enough to "find her out." Here he looks keenly and suddenly at Enid; and she hangs her head in confusion, which but the more increases Geraint's suspicion. So they go on as before. But Geraint rides a little nearer to Enid. Enid, seeing this, is so pleased that she nearly laughs. But Geraint frowns at her. Suddenly Earl Limours rides on them. Geraint defeats and kills him, and upbraids Enid with her being sorry for Limours' death. Enid never answers a word, but sadly leads the way. But Geraint has been wounded; and, bleeding inwardly, suddenly falls fainting from his horse. Enid runs to him, but finding that she cannot revive him, sits down and weeps. Long hours pass, none succour her. About noon, the huge Earl Doorm, bound on a plundering expedition, passes by, and for the sake of Enid's comely face has Geraint taken up and carried to his own house. For many hours, Enid sat by his side;

> "Till at the last he wakened from his swoon,
> And found his own dear bride propping his head,
> And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him;
> And felt the warm tears falling on his face;
> And said to his own heart, 'She weeps for me';
> And yet lay still, and feigned himself as dead,
> That he might prove her to the uttermost."

In the evening, Earl Doorm returned, and after a great feasting, sees Enid, is struck by her pale lily-like beauty, and asks her to share his earldom. Enid answers low:

> "I pray you of your courtesy,
> He being as he is, to let me be."

He, thinking that she has accepted his offer, bids her be merry; but she answers, "How should I be glad

> Henceforth in all the world at anything,
> Until my lord arise and look upon me?"

At this the Earl carries her forcibly to the table and bids her eat and drink; but she refuses to do either, till her lord wakes to eat and drink with her. Then he bids her clothe herself in fitting raiment; but she replies in touching words that she will not, till her lord bid her cast aside the gown in which he had woed her;

> For I ever loved, can never love but him;
> Yea, lord, I pray you of your gentleness,
> He being as he is, to let me be."

Then the brutal Earl smites Enid on the cheek; she "sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry"; and, at that, Geraint gives one single bound and smites Doorm's head from his neck. All flee away; Geraint and Enid are left alone. Then, at last, Geraint apologises most fully and says that "the trouble" had but "left him thrice her own," and thenceforward he would "rather die than doubt."

> "And Enid could not say one tender word,
> She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart:
> She only prayed him, 'Fly, they will return'."

He kisses her, and so they ride away, happy again;

> "And never yet,
> Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind,
> Than lived through her; she did not weep,
> But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
> Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
> Before the useful trouble of the rain."

On their way home, they meet with Edryn, son of Nudd, who persuades them to go to Arthur's court. But Enid is afraid of him, till Edryn relieves her by telling her that he is now completely changed; and the cause of the change was her own "meek, blue eyes, the truest eyes that ever answered Heaven;" and her noble bearing;

> "Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn,
> Such fine reserve and noble reticence,
> Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace
> Of tenderest courtesy, that I began
> To glance behind me at my former life."

It is extremely difficult to have the tact to restrain oneself and treat a sinner with the true and proper courtesy. Would that all women treated defaulters with such courtesy and noble reserve, as Enid treated Edryn. But, to return to our story, Enid easily believed him,

> "Like simple noble natures, credulous
> Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,
> There most in those who most have done them ill."

The purity and simplicity of a nature is shown by the magnanimity with which it forgives, and

the credulity with which it believes in repentance. To good people all are as good as themselves. They credit everyone with the same feelings as they themselves have.

After arriving at King Arthur's camp, Geraint is doctored and soon gets well. He falls still deeper in love with Enid, if that were possible :

" Her constant motion round him, and the breath
Of her sweet tendance hovering over him,
Filled all the genial courses of his blood
With deeper and with ever deeper love.

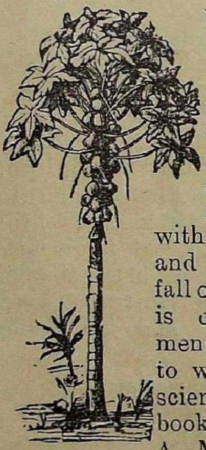
They go back to their lawless realm, where, after having quelled all disorder, Geraint settled down to a happy life, and his people called him " the great Prince and man of men."

And sweet Enid ?

" But Enid, whom her ladies loved to call
Enid the Fair, a grateful people named
Enid the good ; and in their halls arose
The cry of children, Enids and Geraints
Of time to be ; nor did he doubt her more,
But rested in her fealty."

An Indian Lady.

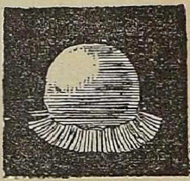
The Splash of a drop.



THE splash of a drop is a commonplace and familiar occurrence. We scarcely think of it. It is accomplished in the twinkling of an eye ; and yet it is a most exquisitely regulated phenomenon ; and, if we but watch it with the help of scientific camera and other aids, we shall see that the fall of a drop is an occurrence, which is composed of different phenomena, each most beautiful in itself to witness. In the "Romance of science" series, there is a masterly book on the subject, by Professor A. M. Worthington. He tells us that the first deliberate observations on the subject were made by a schoolboy at Rugby. This boy had dropped some ink-blots on the surface of a smoked glass, and he had found that, when examined microscopically, the smoke on the glass had been swept away in a number of circles and lines. The drop was found lying on the plate, but it had evidently been wandering over the surface. Prof. Worthington thereupon constructed an apparatus, which was meant to illustrate with sudden flashes of electric sparks the different changes of which a drop is composed. The different stages of which a splash is composed are so rapid that we cannot see them ; but only see the completed occurrence of the fallen drop. But, by this apparatus, Prof. Worthington was able to distinguish and photograph each separate stage.

The difference of the formations depends on various things, on the nature of the liquid of which a drop is thrown, on the nature of the surface on which the drop falls, on the height from which the drop falls and so on. From the wealth of illustrations and instances, which the Professor gives in his book, we shall select three series ; first the splash of a drop of mercury on a smooth glass plate ; second, the splash of a drop of water falling into water, from a height of 3 inches ; third, the fall of the same drop of water into water from a height of 17 inches.

Series I.



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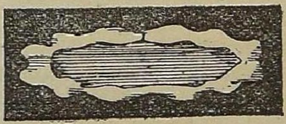

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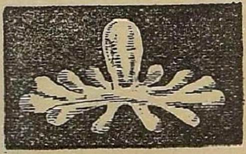

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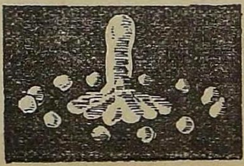

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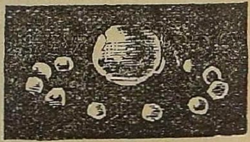

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First, the splash of a drop of mercury on to a smooth glass plate. Immediately after the mercury touches the glass, minute rays are shot out in all directions, as in Fig. 1. These drops gradually spread and overflow till, as in Fig. 2, we have a rippled surface. Then larger rays shoot out. These rays often split off at the ends into little droplets of liquid, which are left lying in a circle on the plate. These are not, however, given in the drawings. Then as in Fig. 3, the rays are joined together in pairs. Then the whole contracts, the liquid spreading itself into the rays or arms outside, After this, the liquid begins to rise in the centre, as in Fig. 4. Then the ends of the arms or rays break off, while the central mass rises in a column and falls back into the middle, as in Figs. 5 and 6.

Between the stages we have given, there are a number of other stages comprising in all about 30, all accomplished in about $\frac{1}{20}$th of a second.

SERIES II.

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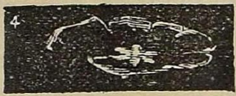

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Secondly let us see how a drop of water falls into water from the height of 3 inches. First, the drop flattens itself, then as in Fig. 1, descends into the bottom of a hollow with a raised beaded edge. This hollow becomes gradually wider and deeper, till it closes over the drop, as in Fig. 2. But the drop again emerges in a flattened form with lobes, as in Fig. 3. Then the hollow gradually rises into a column on the top of which the drop appears and finally subsides, as in Figs. 4 and 5. These characteristics we can often recognise by dropping a spoonful of milk drop by drop into a cup of tea, or by dropping ink into a tumbler of clear water.

SERIES III.

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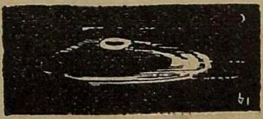

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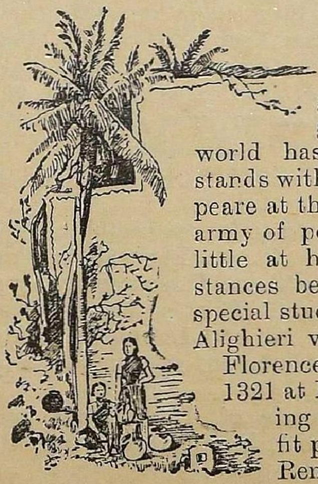
In Series III, we have the drop of water falling from a height of 17 inches. First, the hollow of the outer water is being formed, as in Fig. 1, with a number of ribs and rays. Then, as in Fig. 2, the hollow grows deeper and longer, completely hiding the drop. After this, the drop again appears, as in Fig. 3. Then appears the column of water with the drop on the top, as in Fig. 4. Again the column descends to a hollow, which finally subsides, as we see in Fig. 5.

Prof. Worthington gives many more series, which are very interesting; but there is scarcely space to write them here. The series we have given are sufficiently interesting and give an adequate idea of the various complex stages of the fall of a drop. Do not the various stages form, as it were, a romance? We hope to give some other "Romances of Science," in later issues.

Some of Dante's Female Characters.

Francesca da Rimini.

BY MISS ETHEL DURRANT.



DANTE (or more strictly Durante) Alighieri was one of the greatest seers the world has ever known; he stands with Homer and Shakespeare at the head of the noble army of poets. Let us look a little at his life and circumstances before we take up the special study I propose. Dante Alighieri was born in 1265 at Florence in Italy, and died in 1321 at Ravenna. His teaching and principles are a fit preface to those of the Renaissance and Reformation, great movements which convulsed Europe a couple of centuries later. He was learned in all the accomplishments of his day, carrying the study of them, *viz.*, Virgil, mathematics, astronomy, to an unusual extent. When nine years old he first met and fell in love with Beatrice Portinari, daughter of Folco Portinari, and his passion for her became one of the ruling influences of his life. But he, like Shakespeare, was a "myriad-minded" man; his interests and occupations were many

and varied. This is not the place to enter on a lengthy description of the complicated Italian politics of those days. Let me just say that Italy was torn—North, South, East and West—into many and quarrelsome factions. The two chief parties were Guelf and Ghibelline, Guelf representing the Pope and his adherents, Ghibelline the Emperor and Imperialists. Dante, from first being a Guelf, gradually became a moderate-minded Ghibelline. For a while he held a leading position in his beloved city, Florence; then the other party came into power and he was banished for ever in ill-deserved shame and ignominy. He refused with righteous scorn the disgraceful and humiliating terms which were offered him, preferring a life of noble exile to one of ease, dignity and position. He wandered hither and thither over Italy, taking shelter with first one, then another friend and admirer. In 1318, he was invited to Ravenna by its Lord, Guido Novella da Polenta, who befriended him until his death in 1321. His chief work is called the "Divina Comedia," *i.e.*, Divine Comedy.

In this he has visions of Hell, Purgatory and Heaven with their various occupants; the spirit of Virgil symbolising Human Wisdom conducts him through the first two—Beatrice representing Divine Wisdom leads him through the last into the very presence of God.

The poem is a marvellous conception, revealing the poet's wonderful imagination and learning; the combination of deep spiritual teaching, knowledge of human nature, History, Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, Art and Music, draws out our deepest admiration as more and more we study it. And it needs attentive and loving study; the poem is not easy to understand, but it is well worth it!

The two best known and most useful translations with notes are Cary's Revised version and Longfellow's—to them I recommend my reader's best attention. This is the roughest and barest of sketches, but with Dante something of this kind is essential before entering on any special line of study.

In the second circle of Hell, Dante and Virgil meet two spirits, being wafted towards them by the wind and

" As turtle doves, called onward,
With open and steady wings to the sweet nest
Fly through the air by their volition borne,
So came they from the band" to speak to them.

The female spirit, womanlike, is the one who responds to Dante's request to talk to them. She describes the city where she was born—

" Upon the seashore where the Po descends
To rest in peace with all his retinue,"

and her undying love for her companion. Dante asks her to tell him what caused their mutual love to be revealed to each other? and she says:—

" One day we reading were for our delight
Of Launcelot, how love did him enthrall.
Alone we were and without any fear.
Full many a time our eyes together drew
That reading, and drove the colour from our faces;
But one point only was it that o'ercame us.
When, as we read of the much-longed-for smile,
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,
Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating.
Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it.
That day no farther did we read therein."

Dante is greatly moved by this recital—so much so, that he falls to the ground as one dead, while the two mournful lover spirits are wafted onwards and away by the wind.

Let us look more closely into this most pathetic incident in Dante's journey. Francesca is no creation of the poet's imagination, but a real character. She was the daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna (where Dante lived for the last few years of his life). There had been a long feud between this man and the lords Malatesta of Rimini. At last, a reconciliation was effected, and in order to strengthen it, Guido arranged to marry Francesca to Gianciotto Malatesta, son of the then Lord of Rimini. But he was not a presentable person, being hump-backed and ugly in countenance. Guido feared his daughter would refuse to marry him when she saw him (shewing, does it not, That even in Italy and in those days girls were allowed some influence in the matter?). So it was arranged that Paul, the younger brother, a handsome and well-bred man, should represent the bridegroom and the marriage take place by proxy. This all happened as planned. *But* poor Francesca, innocently enough, fell deeply in love with her supposed husband and he with her. When she found out the deceit which had been practised on her, she must have been indignant, for Boccaccio tells us she was a girl of "lofty spirit". From her own account we may judge that they were often companions and alone. One day Gianciotto, being warned by a servant, returned unexpectedly, found the door locked and called to his wife to come out. Paul told Francesca to do so, trying meanwhile to escape by another opening; she opened the door, thinking all would be well. But Paul's mantle has caught on a nail—he is detained, he cannot move; Gianciotto in a moment is on him, dagger in hand—or rather would have been so, but that Francesca throws herself between them and the weapon meant for her lover is buried in her slender frame. Gianciotto, furious, withdraws the dagger, plunges it into Paul, and leaving the

lovers alone—dead, betakes him to his usual daily affairs. The people, Boccaccio says, with "many tears"—they must have been much loved—buried them together in the same grave.

What strikes us first in this story I venture to think is the *pity* of it ! the *pity* of it ! That love, – one of God's best gifts, should be so desecrated, that which might have been Francesca's glory was her shame !

Yet to Dante's mind, not even the great pitifulness and in many ways, much excuse for it, can really cover the great sinfulness of it. Fearlessly, firmly, with relentless honesty, yet with great tenderness, as is ever his way, he shows us that the wages of sin is,—even to the frailest and fairest,—death !—" whatsoever a man soweth, that *shall* he reap."

We cannot exactly say that Dante had any " ideal women "; his characters are taken from fact and fiction,—other people's fiction, and are none of them his own creation. As far as we can judge of a character so slightly sketched as Francesca, we may think of her as a sweet Italian girl, young in years, but a woman in the powers of love and hate, of lofty spirit, and capable of much self-sacrifice for the sake of those she loved ; she can bear even the torments of Hell in the companionship of him, for whom, literally, she had given her life.

Cromer; A Reminiscence.

LEAFLESS trees, bleak winds, grey seas and greyer skies, who will dare to call them beautiful? Yet to some these things are near perfection, for they spell Home. Skies and seas are not always grey, winds cannot blow for ever, trees bereft of their summer foliage show a beauty and grace of structure which leaves only serve to obscure.

Then, when nothing but pure blue glows overhead, when the sea dimples into smiles, and the little waves laugh for joy that the sun shines again, when each bough, and twig and tiniest shoot is transformed into a marvel of pearly whiteness, its daintiness and beauty of outline enhanced thereby a thousandfold, when the frozen ground, white as the frosted trees, unsullied by the sordid traffic of cities, yields to the foot with a spring all unknown to the glaring dust-laden roads of the East, above all, when one breath of God's pure air brings exhilaration almost painful in its intensity, then, indeed, may the boast ring true, there is no spot in all the world to be compared with Cromer.

From the very centre of the town, and, now-a-days Cromer calls herself a town, the happy visitor may within ten minutes walk into the very heart of the country, whether to the east towards Overstrand, to the west towards Runton and Sheringham or inland towards Felbrigge and Aylmexton. Sidestrand, the beloved " Poppyland " of Clement Scott, with its famous " Garden of Sleep," is only three miles away over the cliffs, past the Light House and then over the lovely links which are amongst the best in all England. Indeed, the charm of Cromer lies not so much in herself—that self of quaint narrow old streets and broad, broad sands—as in her surroundings. Where else will you find such a wealth of beauty as is summed up in the names—Pretty Corner, Roman Encampment, Felbrigge Woods? Go to the Roman Camp, and as you stand amazed at the splendid panorama spread suddenly before you, the heather-covered hills, the little sleepy villages, the beautiful old churches, the wide blue sea, assuredly there will enter your heart that perfect peace which comes only by gazing at God's handiwork. Go to the deep cool woods, where in the height of summer you are safe from the sun's hot rays and in the depth of winter you are in a wonder world of white, and there amid those aged sentinels this truth will seize your soul, that, in spite of the hurry and worry in the world of man's creating, around and ''underneath are the everlasting arms." Go back again to that overgrown village, your starting point, and from whichever direction you approach, and long e'er houses or any other sign of civilisation becomes visible, there will suddenly rise before you the noble tower of the parish church. Even as His love should rule our lives, so does His House dominate that landscape, ever urging our thoughts mid stress and storm of this mortal life towards that High and Lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity. Around the church narrow streets jostle each other in their hurry to lead us thither! Dark doorways give access to unsuspected courts where dwell the old fishermen, the backbone of Cromer. No more striking testimony to the health-giving properties of this

air could be suggested than a talk with some of these ancients. Here is one who goes out every day in his little boat, summer and winter, "though 'tis nothing we catch in winter now-a-days" he says, and when you ask his age, quite cheerfully he answers, "Goin' on eighty-six." Think of it, you who love your ease! Twelve, fourteen, even sixteen hours at a stretch of such biting cold and cutting winds as no mere word-painting can present,—they must be felt to be realised, and all, perhaps, for nothing. Yet they go out next day, or night may be, with never wavering faith to wrest their spoil from the churlish seas. Truly a life to form character as well as muscle. And when at last—a long, long last—an old man turns his back on the sea, 'tis not to sit at home with hands folded waiting for the end. Rather does the old voyager turn instinctively to those little travellers standing as yet on the threshold of life, his grandchildren, and through them and in them, he lives again. "Crabbed age and youth" may find it impossible to dwell together. Those who have spent their lives in communion with Mother Nature know not the meaning of the word "crabbed," for the one great lesson learned in her school is the "patient endurance" that "attaineth to all things."

Here is a smack first in. Watch the men as they climb out of the boat, numb with cold, weary with labour, patient under failure. The catch? Nothing at all, but never mind, better luck next time. And so they march up the Old Jetty; but who that has watched these men, can fail to have marked their perfect patience and sturdy simplicity in the face of failure; or, having marked, to profit thereby? "Salts" by name, and salt in savour, may old England never lack such sons as these, to keep her that, which the genius of the great Nelson, himself a Norfolk man, made her—Empress of the Seas!

ETHEL W. SELL.

THE WATER-LILIES.

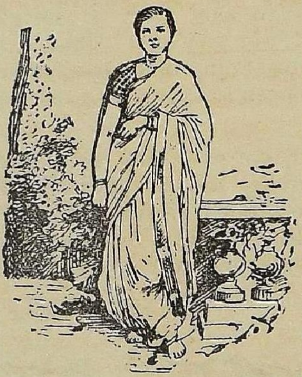
When Evening's eyes are closing fast.
And weary winds have slept at last,
Upon the lake's translucent breast,
The snow-white lilies droop to rest,
But when the smiling sun at play,
Has chased the morning mists away,
'Tis then the lilies leave their beds,
And nod their gold and snow-crowned heads.

O thus when clouds of doubt arise,
And Passion's winds are stilled with sighs,
Within my heart's unfathomed deep,
My gentle thoughts are laid asleep,
But when my shining God above,
Begins to smile, in Grace and Love,
O then my thoughts burst thro' their gloom,
And like the lilies brightly bloom.

MAYA.

Florence Nightingale.

[BY LADY BENSON.]



FLORENCE Nightingale was born in 1820. She was the second daughter of a rich English gentleman, who owned two beautiful homes, one in the south, and one in the centre of England. Mr. Nightingale himself taught his daughter most carefully.

He was not content that she should study the literature of her own country only, but he taught her also French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek. He also taught her mathematics and music. To help her to realize all she had been learning about, Mr. Nightingale took his daughter to visit the country and towns whose history she had been studying. She even accompanied him into Egypt, down the river Nile, and, it is said, that while there she nursed many sick Arabs whom she met, and helped them with wise counsel and advice. The home of Florence Nightingale's childhood was very beautiful. The house stood on rising ground, surrounded by mountains and hills, rocks and woods, with a beautiful river, looking like a silver thread, winding through the landscape; for, though the rivers in England are much narrower than the rivers in India, they are always full of water, and never get dry. The house itself was built two or three hundred years ago, and is about as large as the Chepauk Palace in Madras. The grounds around it were beautifully kept, the grass smooth and green, with no weeds, and borders and beds full of flowers, and large shady trees growing near. Even the poor country people in England take a great pride in keeping their cottages and gardens clean and bright, so you can imagine that in a large house and grounds, such as Mr. Nightingale's, there were no such things to be seen as rubbish heaps, and torn papers flying about, and shutters without paint, and doors without hinges. You will think that a girl living in such a beautiful home, waited on by servants, able to amuse herself with books and music, and free to travel to other countries, rich enough to buy any number of dresses and jewellery, and to be married when she liked, would spend all her days happily and quietly, amusing herself from morning till night. But, in truth, how *did* she spend her time? We read "From her earliest childhood, Florence Nightingale showed a constant and active sym-

pathy with the suffering, the desolate, and the distressed among the poor around her home. She visited the poor in their cottages every day, and for many years she was a voluntary teacher in the schools for the poor in the neighbouring villages."

When she was 18 years old, the age when most English girls leave school and "come out" into the world, Mr. Nightingale took his daughter to London. There she was "presented at Court." Attending balls and parties, and all the brilliant festivals of London Society, Florence Nightingale spent her time in visiting the hospitals, schools, and reformatory institutions of the great town. From London she went to Edinburgh and the continent, intent on perfecting herself, and on gathering up stores of knowledge for present as well as for future use. It has been well said that—"the wealth of a woman's mind should not be left to lie in the rough, but should be richly brought out, and fashioned for its various ends, *while yet those ends are in the future*, or it will never meet the demand." The story of Florence Nightingale's life forcibly illustrates the truth of this maxim. In 1851, when all Europe held festival holiday in honour of the Great Exhibition, Miss Nightingale—so well fitted by birth and education to shine a star in her own proper sphere—went into a hospital at Haiserwerth on the Rhine, for three months. Here she tended the sick, unwearingly, day and night, and studied the rules and regulations required in the management of a hospital. The director of the establishment declared that no one had ever passed so distinguished an examination, or shewn herself so thoroughly mistress of all she had to learn, as the young, wealthy, and graceful Englishwoman. From Germany, Miss Nightingale returned to the happiness of home, the love of her parents and sister, and to the fresh free air of her country home, in order to recruit her health. But she had not been at home long before her sympathy and energy were sought on behalf of the Hospital for sick governesses in London. Most rich ladies would have been content with giving a large sum of money to the institution, but Florence Nightingale gave—herself. She took the active and entire superintendence of the institution, and when her friends visited her they found her in the midst of nurses, letters, prescriptions, accounts, and interruptions. It is hard for Indian readers to realize the great difference between life in Florence Nightingale's beautiful home in the country, and life in a dismal street in London. In India the sky is nearly always blue and the air bright and clear, but in London the very air we breathe is often dark with smoke, and mist, and fog. In her own home, too, the rooms were large and comfortable, with couches and easy-chairs—and with no steep flights of steps to go up and down from one room to another. In the London house the space for couches and easy-chairs would be taken up with beds for the sick, and as the houses there are very lofty, there are many steep flights of steps in them in order to get from the bottom to the top, and these, of course, add greatly to the labour and fatigue of the nurses.

Just at this time the war between England and Russia broke out. The French fought with the English against the Russians. News came to England daily of the battles fought, and of the suffering of thousands of wounded soldiers, who were huddled together in rough beds, and left destitute of comforts, and even necessary accommodations. The cry for help touched the heart of Florence Nightingale, and she accepted the management of a band of thirty-seven nurses, many of them, like herself, gentle ladies, accustomed to ease and luxury, but not un-used to tend the suffering and the dying, nor to lead lives of charity, and self-denial. They one and all gave up the comforts of home, and faced, bravely and cheerfully, the dangers of the voyage that was to lead them to a land teeming with danger and disease. They arrived at Scutari on Tuesday, 24th October, 1854.

Scutari is just opposite Constantinople, and from it, across the glittering waves, its castled walls, and graceful kiosques are plainly seen, mingled with the foliage of accacias, plane trees, and that favourite of the (Moslems)—the dark cypress. "Islands lie sleeping on the bosom of the waters, and the extent and variety of wood, water, minarets, domes and buildings of every kind, glittering in the sunshine, almost bewilder the senses." There were two principal Hospitals in Scutari, the General Hospital, and the Barrack Hospital. Both had been given up by the Turks to the English for their sick and wounded. The condition of these hospitals was so appaling, so frightful, that the mere recital thrills one with horror. Fever and cholera rioted: there was a miserable scarcity of medical aid, and even of food. The scenes of agony and misery, which were of hourly occurrence in the hospitals, are ghastly and sickening in description; what must they not have been to witness! Miss Nightingale and her nurses were quickly established in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari. This was an immense building, the corridors, (like arched verandahs), running the whole length of the barrack, being estimated at four miles in extent. When the poor wounded soldiers first saw the lady nurses, they welcomed them with delight and raptures of gratitude. One poor fellow burst into tears, and exclaimed "I cant help crying when I see them. Only think of Englishwomen coming out here, 2,000

miles, to nurse us; it is so homely and comfortable."

A few hours after the arrival of the nurses, their cares and duties were terribly increased by the arrival of six hundred wounded, sent down after the battle of Inkerman. Miss Nightingale made proper arrangements for the cleanliness and food of the hundreds of (invalids) under her care. A house, well supplied with water, close to the Barrack Hospital, was engaged, and here the clothing supplied by Miss Nightingale was washed and dried. In ten days after her arrival, a kitchen was fitted up, from which 800 men were daily supplied with well-cooked food. The nurses made up beds and pillows, and found plenty of work for their needles. The nurses, indeed, proved so invaluable that a few months later Miss Stanley came out with 50 more nurses to share Miss Nightingale's labours. Their services were terribly needed, for there were on the Bosphorus and Dardanelles no less than 8 hospitals, containing nearly 5,000 sick and wounded, while there were eleven hundred more on their way from the Crimea. In Miss Nightingale's hospital alone there were 3,000 patients. If you, my readers, happen to have even three sick children in the house, you may realize to some extent the enormous amount of work that these ladies undertook. Miss Nightingale was frequently known to stand 20 hours at a time giving out stores, and attending to the sick. Fever and cholera raged destructively. In less than a month no fewer than seven surgeons died, leaving eight more and three of the nurses dangerously ill. "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form" wrote Mr. MacDonald in February, "there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her presence is an influence for good, even amid the dying. She is a ministering angel, without any exaggeration, in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quickly along each carridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon these miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest she should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manners of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment, with promptitude and decision of character."

After seven months of incessant work Florence Nightingale was attacked by Crimean fever. For a fortnight the fever continued its hold, but at the end of that time she rose, weak, yet pronounced out of danger, from her sick bed. She was earnestly entreated to return to England, but no persuasion could induce her to quit her post. Lord Ward lent her his steam yacht that she might have the advantage of change of air in sea excursions to recruit her strength. So exhausted was she that she had to be carried down to the vessel, tenderly and reverently in the arms of the men, amidst their heartfelt prayers for her speedy recovery.

During her labours among the soldiers, the Queen-Empress wrote to Miss Nightingale assuring her "that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than their Queen." Her Majesty, to mark her warm appreciation of Miss Nightingale's great services, presented her with a beautiful ornament, suitable to be worn as a medal. The ornament was a St. George's Cross—encircled with the words "Blessed are the merciful" and the word "*Crimea*" surrounded with three brilliant stars of diamonds. The Sultan also presented Miss Nightingale with a beautiful bracelet, set in brilliants. At the close of 1855 it was resolved that a testimonial of public gratitude should be offered to Florence Nightingale, and a "Nightingale Fund" was immediately raised. But, as she steadily declined any purely personal reward for her efforts, it was decided "that the Fund raised should be invested, to establish an Institute for the training, sustenance and protection of nurses and hospital assistants." At length Florence Nightingale's holy work of Christian Charity was accomplished and she prepared to return to England. She travelled quietly back, avoiding carefully all publicity and outward show—and so reached her English home on 15th August, 1856. The rooms, that she occupied in the Barrack Hospital, remain to this day just as she left them—nothing has been touched or removed—so green is her memory still. When refusing all personal rewards—it was written of Miss Nightingale by one of her friends, "Miss Nightingale looks to her reward from this country in having a fresh field for her labours, and means of extending the good that she has already begun. A compliment cannot be paid dearer to her heart than in giving her more work to do"—and is not this compliment being still paid to Florence Nightingale?

Florence Nightingale is now a bed-ridden invalid; but, feeble as her body is, her spirit is still quite strong. This is what a friend of hers says:

"A public woman in one sense of the word she must ever be, but except on rare occasions, her active and beautiful life ever since her return from the Crimea has been known only to those privileged to meet her on the common ground of work. In some measure her delicate health has accounted for this; the strain had proved too great, and gradually she realised that for her active work was over. It was not to be her

proud pleasure personally to train the nurses at the St. Thomas' training home, to which purpose she devoted the sum of money presented to her by a grateful nation. But if with feet and hands she could no longer perform her deeds of love, her mind and her sympathies remained active beyond measure, and her sick room in South Street saw more practical work transacted than any other room in London. How many a time have I seen her lying there, so dainty and pretty in her soft white gown and lace cap, the room blazing with flowers, her bed covered with Blue Books, papers and letters, every hour of her day mapped out, so that, as she once pathetically told me, 'I have to begin my writing at six each morning, or I could not cope with it. Two things always struck me specially about her—her wonderfully bracing and large-hearted sympathy and her delightful sense of hmuour. Then her enthusiasm was so buoyant, so infectious, that depression vanished at the sight of her radiant face, and she always set things once again in their true proportion,—'never forget,' she said to me when I came back from the war in South Africa, 'that it is life to me to talk to you, young women, and to feel I have a tiny share in what you are doing. Please tell me everything.' And so, to all those who have the joy of knowing her, Florence Nightingale, through these long years of illness, has been a great power and a far-reaching influence—planning, organizing, interviewing, helping, encouraging, inspiring—and to me, as probably to many others, she will ever be the most beautiful woman of our age, the one to whom every woman longing to help in the work of the world owes an unspeakable debt of gratitude. It is for us to be worthy of one, who, armed only with perfect faith in God, perfect love of men, and unconquerable hope for her divine mission, set out with no thought of self, no thought save to answer the voice which asked, "Who will go?" by saying, "Here am I, send me!"

Translated into the Maharani Magazine.

The Physical Care of Children.

[By Dr. Gurubai Karmakar.]

I SHALL endeavour to draw your attention in this short paper to the following topics: (1) Food, (2) General and Personal Hygiene, (3) Physical Culture.

I.—Food.

In the human economy food is of paramount importance. Everything else loses its significance before it, except air and water which belong to the same category. Food is the great furnace which supplies life, energy and power to the whole system. In considering this let me at the outset say that those who are in charge of children should always bear in mind that the child-life is a growing one, and that it is succeeded by student life. These conditions make it obligatory upon one to consider very carefully the development of the physical system of each child. It is a regrettable fact that thousands of children in India suffer from not having proper care from their mothers. The illiterate condition of the Indian woman, and the fact that her children are born in her own childhood, have been detrimental to the symmetrical budding forth of her offspring. The undersized and ill-developed condition of the people of India is the woeful result of improper child nurture. Hence, when they enter our Boarding Schools, it is evident that more attention should be paid towards the building-up of their bodies to prepare them for the student life that lies before them.

It is said that three hours of hard study produce more important changes in the brain than a whole day spent in muscular labour. Labourers and mechanics can work ten or more hours daily with moderate fatigue, but a professional man is wearied by three or four hours consecutive brain work. This exhaustion is a result of waste of tissue in the brain; for this reason brain workers need fat, salt and phosphorus to replace the waste in those tissues. It is necessary, therefore, to give cereals, eggs and meat to nourish the body in order to provide the chief elements to the brain. On account of this, civilisation will always be expensive. A student requires a larger amount of food to sustain him, as well as a greater variety in it than an ordinary labourer. It is a common remark that the children in Boarding Schools get better food than they did in their own homes, but, let it be remembered by such critics, that the environment of these children is so materially changed that they are in need of such food as will fortify their system to meet the requirements of their altered condition.

There are two kinds of foods—flesh-producing, and heat-giving. The foods which supply the waste of the fibrinous, albuminous and gelatinous tissues are called flesh-giving, they also contain nitrogen, and hence they are called nitrogenous foods. The most common of these is wheat bread and Indian corn because they contain fibrin. The flesh of animals, birds and fishes also contain fibrin. Albumin is found in the white of eggs and in the blood of animals. Casein is found in milk which is the chief nitrogenous nutriment of milk. Being the best type of animal food it helps materially the growth of little children.

Heat and force-giving foods consist principally of starch, sugar, fat. Starch is found in an almost pure state in sago, tapioca, arrowroot and rice, and also in most vegetables.

Oleaginous foods consist principally of oils, butter, fats and ghee. To maintain animal heat and force in the system, oils and fat are quite indispensable. Those, who do a great amount of work, must largely partake of these articles in connection with starchy foods, for these assist in their digestion and assimilation. It is on this account that codliver oil, butter, cream and fat have been recommended in wasting diseases such as consumption and scrofula.

Sugar is found in many vegetables such as sugarcane, beetroot, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, carrots, &c. "The nutritive property of the raw sugarcane arises from the circumstance that it contains besides sugar a considerable proportion of gluten as well as those necessary mineral substances which are present in all the staple forms of vegetable food. It is thus itself a true food, capable of sustaining animal life and strength."

Plenty of fresh vegetables should be given to children. The lack of fresh vegetables and fruit produces scurvy and skin disease by impoverishing the blood; constipation is another result.

Those in charge of the distribution of food to children at meal time should note this important advice, that, enough time should be given to them to masticate their food. Children are naturally greedy and eat very fast; hence they often suffer from stomach-ache and head-ache. If the children are constantly warned to masticate their food thoroughly and if ample time is given for it, they would be free from many ills which arise from insufficient chewing, especially dyspepsia. It is commonly believed that vegetable diet needs less mastication than meat diet. But physiology teaches just the opposite; for, more saliva is necessary to digest vegetables than meat; hence, it is of supreme importance that children should be enforced to masticate thoroughly both animal and vegetable food.

The constitution of children varies so much that it is difficult to state how many meals they should have daily. However, children under 6 should have five meals; those under 12 and weak ones though older, four meals; the rest not less than three solid meals a day.

II.—Hygiene in General.

Location of Buildings.—Houses should be situated on a high level and not below the high-water mark of rivers. A building with damp foundations is an artificial hot-bed for rheumatism and malaria. Houses on a high-level favour good drainage. It is of vital importance that each house should have an excellent drainage system. Wells or water pipes should not be situated close to the school buildings, nor should the dirty water used for all sorts of washing be allowed to accumulate there. We all well know that stagnant water favours the constant breeding of mosquitoes and fosters malarial germs.

Floor and Air-Space.—Let me quote a few words on this subject from a well-known writer on hygiene: "Theory and experience indicate that the least amount of air-space which ought to be given to each adult should not be less than one thousand cubic feet. Assuming 12 feet to be the length of the room, to afford 1,000 cubic feet of air-space would have a floor space measuring 10·5 ft. long and 8 feet wide, or an area of 84 square feet. If we allow only 500 cubic feet for each person, then the floor space should be 42 square feet, represented by the floor space 8 ft. long and 5·25 feet wide, or about the absolute minimum permissible." I am sorry to say that there is a great deal of overcrowding in our schools which certainly must favour sickness and consequently a high death-rate.

Light.—Deficiency of light has a marked effect upon the children; for they are rendered dwarfish, stunted and pallid—obviously wanting in rich red blood. "Medical men have invariably observed that the diseases of all kinds from quinsy or rheumatism to the most severe attack of fever, scrofula and consumption are much less manageable in low dark apartments, and it is notorious that during the prevalence of epidemics, such as cholera (and plague) the shaded side of a narrow street exhibits the greatest ratio of fatal cases."

Baths.—To keep the body sweet and clean all the little ones should have baths daily with the aid of grown-up persons, who can pay good attention to the hair and other parts of the body. The older ones, if possible, should bathe daily or at least three times a week. Tepid water can be used in hot weather, but during the monsoon and the cold weather hot water should be used by girls. Boys, however, can use cold and tepid water all the year round according to their constitution. It is of the utmost importance that the body should be wiped thoroughly dry with a coarse cloth or towel.

Personal Hygiene.—This is distinct from general hygiene. After everything is provided for the comfort of the children, personal cleanliness and judicious habits are indispensable for their health. Cleanliness with regard to the body must be attended to with great diligence. Right habits should be formed in them by watchful care and proper advice. They must be made to chew their food properly. The teeth should be cleansed thoroughly daily. After meals, the hands should be carefully washed, as far as possible, with soap

and water. The reason why so many children suffer from itch is that they neglect to perform this important duty. They should take proper exercise, and a proper amount of sleep.

III.—Physical Culture.

Both boys and girls are like kittens; they like to run, tumble and toss and wrestle with each other. This is the best natural exercise for the little ones. For vigorous growth and sound health these natural muscular motions should have free indulgence during play time.

It would be really a great blessing if each school for children could provide a gymnasium and a competent teacher to give instruction in physical culture. If proper instruction is given to children, their bodies develop symmetrically and they are able to study better. Sitting up straight should always be enforced. Every teacher should be made to sit up straight himself. Especially when children are writing at their desks they should not be allowed to stoop. Walks for a mile or more in the fresh air should be encouraged.

For girls, all sorts of drills, marches, walks, skipping on the rope, and several Indian exercises, such as *Phugadi, Zhimpori Zhim, Kolatum* are all very useful. Too much sewing is not conducive to health, for it makes the children stoop.

Singing and reading aloud are excellent exercises for the development of the lungs. The art of singing should be properly taught.

Talim, or Indian gymnastics, are very useful for the boys. An ordinary apparatus and a good-sized room covered with red earth is all that is necessary. Calisthenics of various kinds, especially the exercise of deep breathing, should be encouraged in all boarding schools both for boys and girls.

Romances of the French Throne.

(Pen and ink sketches of famous women).

[By Jean Delaire.]

Author of "A Dream of Fame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.

VII.—GABRIELLE D'ESTREES.

With the advent of Henri IV a new dynasty begins in France. The sombre figure of Catherine de Médicis has at last disappeared, and in her stead reigns a sweet and lovely woman, Gabrielle d' Estrees, mistress and promised wife of the King.

Henri's gallantry and *bonnes fortunes* were proverbial, and shortly before he was called to the Throne, one of his advisers—Duplessis—Mornay—seeing him completely under the sway of the beautiful Comtesse de Gramont, boldly said to him: "Prince, a Throne is awaiting you: Is it not time that you made love to France?" But although Gabrielle was not the first, nor the last, woman who touched the heart of the King, she was the best-beloved, the companion, the friend, the mother of his son,—"La seule de ses maitresses en laquelle il eut jamais reve une epouse"...For had not death claimed her, Gabrielle d'Estrees would have been crowned Queen of France.

Gabrielle was surpassingly beautiful, not over clever, and of a sweet disposition; above all, she possessed that subtle and indefinable quality of charm, which, even more than her great beauty, endeared her to the King. She was ambitious also, in her quiet way, and from the first seemed determined to become the wife of the man who so passionately loved her, no matter if France and all Europe stood in the way. For the obstacles that barred the road to the Throne were many, and one of them at least seemed insurmountable. Gabrielle was already a wife, and the King himself had, many years before, contracted a political alliance with Princesse Marguerite de Valois, daughter of Catherine de Medicis. The princess would not have objected to a divorce, for she was Henri's wife in name only; she had lived apart from him for close on twenty years, and her morals were those of her time and her ill-fated race. But she had no wish to set the King free merely to help on his marriage with Gabrielle, Gabrielle who was neither of royal birth nor even the daughter of a great house, and was, therefore, more or less openly despised by all the noble ladies of the Court.

In spite of all, the King seemed determined to sweep aside every barrier, and place *la belle Gabrielle* on the Throne. He sent secret emissaries to the Pope, who alone had the power to annul his marriage with Princess Marguerite; and there were undoubtedly good foundations to his hope that Clement VIII would not refuse the first favour asked by the royal convert, the Huguenot Prince who, on ascending the throne of France, had sworn fidelity to the Catholic faith, and, standing bare-headed at the doors of Saint Denis, had humbly asked to be received in the fold of the Church. As for Gabrielle's husband, he was a creature of the King, who had married the favourite at his master's bidding, and at his bidding would divorce her; but public opinion was against the marriage, and so popular a monarch as Henri IV—*le pero du peuple*, as he was deservedly called—was not the man to

ignore entirely the wishes of his subjects on so important a matter. Both the people and the aristocracy predicted untold evils of his union with Gabrielle; the great nobles of the kingdom saw with infinite jealousy the sudden elevation of the hitherto obscure *maison d'Estrees*; and the King's most prudent advisers foretold endless family feuds, perhaps resulting in civil war, among the future royal children, the eldest of whom would have been born out of wedlock.

But Gabrielle was beautiful; Gabrielle was ambitious, and the King was madly in love. Already, when Gabrielle's first-born had been christened, the ceremony had assumed a semi-royal character; but still more significant acts were to follow. The splendid suite of rooms at the Louvre, set apart for the Queens of France, had been offered by Henri to his mistress, and he had given her the ring used at the coronation of kings—the ring with which he was said to have wedded France.

Thus for several years Gabrielle d'Estrees lived at Court, in a position that was far above that of a mere favourite, but was not, nevertheless, the position of a wife and queen.

At last every obstacle seemed removed. In spite of Princess Marguerite's opposition, the Pope had almost decided to grant a divorce to the King; the objections of his councillors were waved aside one by one, and the nation—represented for the nonce by the people of Paris—were partly won over by the graciousness and generosity of the bride-elect. There was but one step between Gabrielle and the Throne: but Death stood in the way.

It was during Lent, within a week of Easter, in the year 1599. The Court was then at Fontainbleau, and preparations for the wedding proceeding apace. According to the custom of the time, austerity and penitence were the order of the day, both at Court and among the people; for although they might cheerfully break every one of the Ten Commandments, prince and peasant alike religiously observed all fete days and fast days established by the Church. The priest who acted as Confessor to the King demanded his temporary separation from Gabrielle, and the King having reluctantly consented, it was decided that the queen-elect, accompanied by one or two trusted servants, should spend the holy week in Paris. The King and all his Court followed her chariot part of the way to the capital, as far as Melun, where a boat stood in readiness to take her down the Seine.

As the time of parting came, it seemed as if a sudden premonition of evil had touched the heart of the King, "says an eye-witness Guillaume. Feuguet, the king took leave of Madame la Duchesse* with so many tokens of love and regret that it seemed as if they both knew that this meeting was to be their last."

Sadly the King returned to Fontainbleau; sadly Gabrielle journeyed on to Paris. The King had expressed the wish that she would stay in the house of one of his favourites, *la sieur zamet*, a man who had started life as a shoemaker, and had come to be one of the richest financiers of his time. In obedience to the King's request, Gabrielle, immediately on her arrival in the city, went to this man's house, but, strange to say, she seemed to go there greatly against her will.

What followed, whether accident or crime, negligence or treason, remains a mystery, in spite of the fact that one of the gentlemen of her suite has described this her last day almost minute by minute. Shortly after her arrival she was entertained to a great banquet by her host, and Fouquet, in a letter to Sully, remarks with sinister significance, that "Madame la Duchesse dined that day with an excellent appetite, for she had been served with the most savoury and delicious meats, and those most to her taste, *which fact you will notice with your usual discrimination*; as for myself I dare not judge of things which I have not seen with mine own eyes. . . ."

It was the eve of Good Friday, and after dinner Gabrielle went to the church of the Petit Saint Antoine, where the finest concerts in Paris were then performed during Holy Week. While there, she was overcome with a curious feeling of faintness, and speedily returned to the house where she lodged. The fresh air having somewhat revived her, she was taking a stroll in the garden, accompanied by one of the gentlemen of her suite, when suddenly she gasped for breath and fell in a dead faint. As soon as she recovered consciousness and was able to speak, she prayed to be taken away from Zamet's house, renewing her entreaties with so much passion that at last her attendants consented to do her bidding, and removed her, by her order, to the house of a friend she had in Paris, Madame de Sourdis, who lived in the Cloître St. Germain. No sooner had she arrived there than she became rapidly worse, and the doctors that were hastily called despaired of saving her life.

Guillaume Fouquet sent a messenger to Fontainbleau, praying the King to hasten to Paris; but almost immediately afterwards another messenger was despatched, asking the king not to come, as it was too late.

Yet Gabrielle was still alive, "but", says Fouquet, with a strange mixture of naïveté and

* The King had given her the title of Duchesse de Beaufort.

GABRIELLE D'ESTREES AND HENRI IV.

" SHAHINDA " (MISS FYZEE).

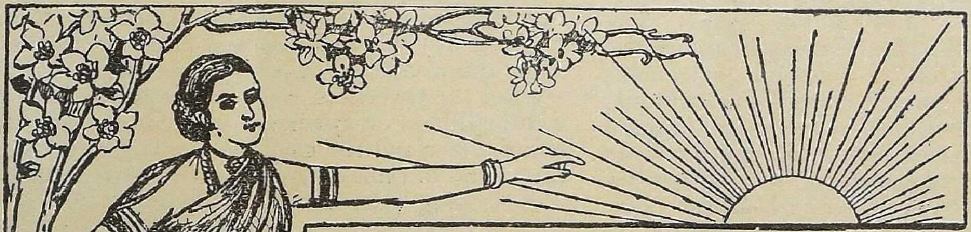
(See Editorial Note.)

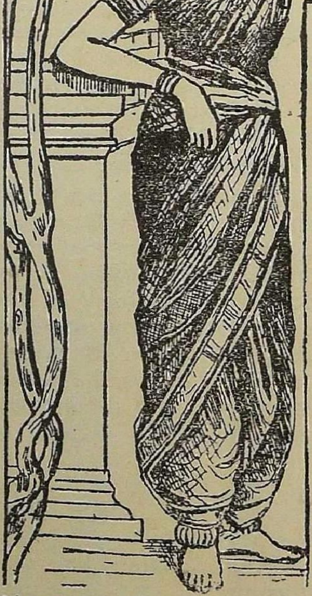
cynicism, "so changed and disfigured by the terrible agonies she is enduring, that I fear the King would feel for ever estranged from her if it so happened that she ever recovered from this illness, and he should have seen her as she is now . . . And here I am, holding this poor woman almost dead in my arms, and greatly doubting that she will live for another hour . . ." And Fouquet, writing this strange letter by Gabrielle's bedside, was not mistaken; the messenger that was to deliver it to Sully had hardly left the town when Gabrielle breathed her last.

It is difficult to conceive a more tragic ending to a brilliant life than this death-bed scene—the beautiful woman, a queen in all but the name, dying, in all probability the victim of a foul crime, in the arms of one of her servants, far from her home, her children, her friends, while at Fontainbleau her lover impatiently awaited her return, and in a wing of the royal palace the ladies-in-waiting were busy preparing her robes for the marriage and the coronation . . . .

The mystery of Gabrielle's death has never been solved, and will remain one of the many enigmas of history, for though to all appearances a crime had been committed, the King obstinately refused to believe in its possibility, seeming to forget, in his overwhelming grief, how many people in France were interested in keeping Gabrielle from the Throne, and also how easy crimes of that nature had become since the sinister reign of Catherine de Médicis and her Italian *empoisonneurs*.

Yet so near had the ill-fated Gabrielle stood at the Throne, that it was as queen that both the King and the nation mourned her, and both King and nation mourned deeply: To this day the memory of "*la belle Gabrielle*" lingers in the heart of the French people; and although the gallant King became in time enamoured of other fair women, not one of them was ever to him what Gabrielle had been; for had he not said, on hearing of her death: "Dead is the root of my heart" "La racine demon coeur est morte."





Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I.—THE LAUGHING BACK-WATERS OF TRAVANCORE.

It was late in the evening when we started on our trip to the famous "Back waters" of Travancore. The sun was sinking in the West. His golden beams tipped the hill tops crimson and purple. They peeped from behind the hills for the last time and disappeared in the western main. Walking briskly, we passed through thick groves of cocoanut palms, which rustled their leaves to the slow music of the passing breeze. Here and there, nestling among the groves, were rude huts, evidently the home of fishermen. Twilight, daughter of parting day and advancing night, wrapped the world in the folds of her hazy mantle. Man and beast were retiring for the day's rest. Now and then we were startled by a flight of cranes suddenly winging past us with their necks outstretched like a white cloud in the sky. As we neared the far-famed breakwaters we could descry the well-known cardamom hills with their outline tipped with emerald. A thousand mountain rills descended rippling to the plains. The perfume of the cardamom blossoms was wafted by the breeze and pervaded the air. After a short walk we were gazing on the rippling breakwaters in admiration. The soft splash of the oar could now be heard from far off. Perhaps, it was some lover sailing with his love. Their laughter floated in the air. What a dream! The scene made a deep and indelible impression upon my mind. I fell into a reverie. The past came before my mind in all its vividness. I thought of the time when I plucked the sweet flowers with my sister. O! those

times! How I yearn for them! As I thought of her, who is no more, big tears rolled down my cheeks. She, the only tie that kept me bound to the earth was even then thinking of me in Heaven! Ah! How swift the hand of Fate strikes! What a sure, unerring blow! O Death! Too soon hast thou snatched my flower! What are we but frail barks in the great Ocean of Life, tossed this way and that by the billows of Time?

> Life's ruffled current on its surface bears
> The marks of lasting woe, through fleeting years
> Continues its swift course in every clime,
> And loses itself in the bottomless gulf of time.

When I woke from my dream the moon was high in the heavens. The world was bathed in liquid silver and slept the calm, profound sleep of Death. The stars kept their silent vigil in the night. Before me lay stretched a mighty sea of liquid silver laughing and dimpling. The calm sleeping beauty of the Moon and the tranquillity that prevailed around reminded me of Venice, the Queen of Cities, and her beauty. Her doges, her canals, her gondolas and her fairies leapt before my eyes. The glow-worm now burst ablaze like a lamp of Love on the scene. The Kokil poured forth his rich passionate notes, throbbing with love. I listened, entranced. Even the waters seemed to melt in harmony. As the liquid notes gushed from his throat, I fancied myself borne along to the heavenly regions and listening to some divine instrument, whose chords smote of Life and Death in soul-stirring strains. A new emotion stirred within my breast. Even I who was sick of Life loved! Who could not? For life is a gloom when not illumined by the light of love. Love is not any base passion but the divine yearning of one soul for another. It lasts even after death. It is the one immortal part of man. It is the sacred principle of life. Did not Christ preach a religion of love? Whoso feels this divine emotion in him is the kingdom of Heaven. My heart lingered over the scene. But it was getting late and so with a heavy heart we retraced our steps well pleased with all we saw.

SARASVATI.

II.—NEW YEAR'S MORN IN THE COUNTRY.

One morning before sunrise I found myself in a wilderness of flowers and trees. How I came to be there, and how I should return home I did not care to think of. I stood transfixed by the beauty of a splendid scene before me.

The various and innumerable flowers were growing luxuriantly in wild confusion as if being innocent of their beauty they were confused by my admiring gaze; this mixed confusion of bright-coloured flowers was interspersed with tiny natural fountains, green shrubs, bushes, and trees; and large green paddy fields on the other side, looking from afar like green velvet carpets provided by nature to cover the earth, formed a striking contrast to the dull-coloured range upon range of craggy hills, each vainly trying to form a link between Heaven and Earth.

Far away among the bases of large mountains forming a gorge richly green, a little village lay, and high above on the summits grew dark forests, through which small rippling streams were winding their way, tumbling over broken rocks and forming little cataracts.

Running my eyes along the hills nearer to me, I saw at the very top of one of them a sort of cave, at the entrance of which the beautiful head of a stag with pretty arched horns branching out into several smaller ones, peeped out.

My impulse was to run up to the spot, and when I was about to do so, I perceived a group of travellers pointing in that direction and talking to each other. From their loud conversation I understood this to be the Poi-maun malai (False stag mount) where Rama and Sita were attracted by the wonderful beauty of this stag.

After the travellers were all gone I felt an awful stillness everywhere, save for the splashing of water and the monotone of the owl. The very wind did not blow and it seemed as if nature was sleeping peacefully. It was so still that I could hear my heart beat fast and I held my breath; then wondering whether I was at home in bed and all this was a mere dream, I closed my eyes. When I was in this semi-dreaming and waking condition, it flashed through my mind that this was the New Year's Morn and, all at once, the deep silence was broken.

A gentle breeze blew bringing with it a merry sound of temple bells ringing sweetly far away, and the soft never-ceasing splash of water; waking birds broke out in sweet joyous songs and the shrill loud "cock-a-doodle-doo" of the cock was distinctly audible. A faint sound of murmuring voices and bustle as of people walking and going on to their daily duties floated from the village. Even the owl with its monotonous wailing "too-whit, too-who" seemed to welcome the new-born year.

Involuntarily looking up, I beheld in the east above the hills a soft, dazzling light, and breaking through the clouds the sun was just rising. A lovely semi-circle of pink and golden hue was there above the sun forming a sort of crown for him to match with the burning silver of his throne. Just then a familiar, clear sweet voice sang in accompaniment to the Veena "a welcome," the chorus of which I unconsciously joined

On running towards the place from where it came, to my surprise and pleasure whom should I meet, but an old dear friend of mine. She burst out laughing—she had purposely followed me without my knowledge--and, after a few minutes' chat about the Poi-maun-malai, we returned home.

SOUNDARYA BAI GOVINDARAJULU.

The Annual General Gathering of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club, Bombay.

THE twelfth Annual General Gathering of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club was held in the spacious hall of Mr. Harischandra Pandurang Pitale at Cawasji Patel Tank Road, on Tuesday, 16th January, 1906 at 4-30 P.M.

There was a large gathering of ladies—Hindus, Europeans, Parsees and Mahomedans, among whom were Lady Cawasji Jehangir, Mrs. Rambai Ranade, Begum of Bella, and daughter, Mrs. Luxmibai Ranade, Mrs. Dadabhai Tata, Mrs. M. B. Colha, Mrs. J. D. Cama, Mrs. Dhunjibhai, Mrs. G. D. Kanga, Misses Gagan, Mrs. Straik, Miss Dougles, Miss Brown, Mrs. Ledfert, Mrs. Ledgard, Mrs. Quick, Mrs. Chandavarkar, Mrs. Rukhmani, Miss M. B. Tayabji, Mrs. Alli N. Tayabji, Miss (Dr.) Benson, (Dr.) Miss Navazbai M. Mehta, Miss Sonabai M. Mehta, Miss Shirin M. Kharsedji, Mrs. Shiror, Mrs. Kamlabai Vaidya, Mrs. Moghibai Vithaldas, Lady Bhatwadekar, Miss Millard, Mrs. Nanu N. Kothare, Miss Horn, Mrs. Gokhale, Mrs. Nikambe, Mrs. Jayakar, Mrs. Luxmibai Bhimji, Mrs. Laljee Bhimji, Mrs. Ranchoddas, Mrs. Abott, Miss Navarange, Mrs. Velibai Vallabhdas, Mrs. Lilawati Mangaldas, Mrs. Bacchubai Kanji, Mrs. Ramabai Vidhwansa, Mrs. Sokribai Jayakar, Miss Manakbai Talpade and others.

At the commencement Miss Sumati R. Kothare played on the Dilrooba and sang a "Welcome" song. Mrs. Kothare then proposed and Mrs. Chandavarkar seconded that Her Highness Luxmibai Gaikwad should occupy the chair. After the acceptance of the chair, H. H. Luxmibai Gaikwad requested Mrs. Bablibai Pitale, the Secretary of the Institution to read the report of the last year's working of the Club. This was the report:—

"The members of the Executive Committee of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club have the pleasure to lay before its members, its 12th Annual Report from 1st January to 31st December, 1905.

In keeping with the lamentable hindrances of the last nine years, on account of the plague the Club had to be closed from the middle of February to the middle of June, yet during the other remaining eight months, we have the satisfaction to say that the weekly meetings took place with admirable regularity and the attendance there numbered between 15 to 20 members, who listened to, and discussed the essays read by some of the members. The interest in the meetings was varied by readings of instructive Marathi and Gujarathi books, and the doing of fancy and other needle work; for the latter of which, as had formally been ruled, material had been supplied from the funds of the Club. Of the articles made therefrom, a sale will take place after the work of this Annual Gathering.

The total sum realised from such sales of the last two years, Rs. 125 *plus* the total from the club's voluntary contribution box for the same period which is Rs. 200, comes to a total of Rs.325. According to a past resolution this amount with similar means of addition will be allowed to accumulate in a separate account to form the Hindu Ladies' Social Club's benevolent fund to be spent in some substantial good work.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge during the year, the gift of 20 books to our *Maharani Chimnabai Saheb Library*; the furtherance of such gifts will still further extend the desire for reading, which has already been created by this Library amongst the members.

We have to announce with satisfaction that the members of the Executive Committee have kept up their visits to the three schools of the Students' Literary and Scientific Society.

The most gratifying event of the year to be recorded is that for the exhibits of fancy and needle-work articles of some of the members forwarded through this Club to the Womens' Section of the Indian National Congress, Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition at Bombay last year, prizes and certificates of merit were awarded to :—

1. Mrs. Radhabai Ranade.
2. Mrs. Javerbai Luxmidass Bhimji,

and also for similar exhibits, sent by some of the members of this Club to the Needle-work Exhibition held at Poona last year.

It is very agreeable to note that the Women of India's Mahadev Govind Ranade Memorial Room is built and in use at the Hindu Widow's Home at Hingnebudruk.

Under the able tuition of Dr. Miss Navazbai M. Mehta, examined by Dr. Sir Bhalchandra Krishna Bhatavadekar, it gives us great pleasure to state that certificates for Home Nursing from

the St. John's Ambulance Association have been won by the following members of our Club :—

1. Mrs. Manakbai Lalji,
2. Mrs. Sushilabai Jayakar,
3. Mrs. Kashibai Kothare,
4. Mrs. Manibai Chabildas,
5. Miss Kamalabai Brahmandkar,
6. Miss Manakbai Kothare,

and will be presented to them by the President at this meeting.

The number of members last year was 159. During the year, 1 resigned, 6 were elected, making a total at the end of the year of 164.

The best thanks of this Club are tendered to Bai Bablibai Harischandra Pitale for the continual use she has allowed of her spacious, beautiful and comfortable hall, during the whole period of the twelve years existence of this Club, and still more warmly grateful the members of the Club are to her for her zealously performed task of Honorary Secretary of this Club for nine years.

Mrs. Javerbai Luxmidassis is cordially thanked for having performed the responsible duty of Honorary Treasurer from the commencement of the Club till now."

Mrs. Manakbai Laljee then proposed and Mrs. Manibai Chabildas seconded that the Report just read out should be adopted and the proposition was unanimously passed.

At the suggestion of Lady Bhatwadekar, duly seconded by Mrs. Parvatibai Lalsing, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to the retiring members of the Executive Committee of the Club.

H. H. Luxmibai Gaikwad read then her presidential address, the substance of which is as follows :—

"Sisters,—I must really thank you for the honour you have given me this evening. You know I am not in the habit of visiting such Clubs and it is the custom amongst us that ladies from our side do not like to meet together like to-day, hence I am certainly fortunate and glad enough to come here this evening. I am very much pleased to see ladies performing the duties allotted to them, separately and independently. Nay, not only that, but coming forward boldly in an assembly like this and speaking for even a few moments is a gratifying fact to note, which I shall never forget.

I am certainly pleased to see ladies performing benevolent actions and I sincerely wish that may God give long life and prosperity to this institution in order that the members of this Club may be able to do many more such benevolent actions. I cannot conclude without again heartily thanking you for the honour you have given me this evening."

Mrs. Nanu N. Kothare, on behalf of the Club, then thanked H. H. Luxmibaisaheb Gaikwad; she said :—

"Sisters,—The work allotted to me to-day and which I most gladly undertook to do, is to propose a hearty vote of thanks to our to-day's Chairman, but before doing so I cannot but state that the visit of the originator of this Club, I mean Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, after a lapse of many years, to the institution to see how her little child is progressing, is a gratifying fact to all. She, by coming over here this evening, has showed her real love and regard for the Club, for which I must really thank her. With these few words I again sincerely thank the Chairman, H. H. Luxmibaisaheb Gaikwad, for sparing her spacious time and presiding over the occasion."

Mrs. Ramabai Ranade afterwards said :—"Sisters, after the death of my husband I had a wish to lead a secluded life, but when I read Longfellow I remembered the words of my husband that widows while leading a secluded life must perform some benevolent actions. I thereupon turned to the latter part, but my actions were obstructed by the plague, for which I am very sorry. Last year I myself had to lie in bed with the fever. But I thank God for sparing me to come over here and to see the good and prosperous state of the Club, which I started 12 years back. I too thank our to-day's Chairman, H. H. Luxmibaisaheb Gaikwad."

Mrs. Chandavarkar then seconded the proposal brought forward by Mrs. Kothare, which was unanimously passed.

Miss Sumati R. Kothare then sang a concluding song.

After the distribution of Haladi Kunku and Attar Gulab, the proceedings were terminated.

Three Waiting Wives.

THE drawing-room clock struck eight. It was really too bad. Our dinner hour was seven, and George had not yet returned—and this was the first anniversary of our wedding day. My heart swelled with resentment and I rang the bell sharply.

"You can take in dinner," I said to our small maid, "I shall not wait any longer for Mr. Asquith." I fancied I saw her smile pityingly as she withdrew.

The dinner was, of course, spoilt—soup cold, chops greasy. I ate it hurriedly, my throat sore

with vexation, and then betook myself once more to the dark and cheerless drawing-room.

The lamp had not yet been lighted and the fire was nearly out. It suited my mood, however, and flinging myself into a large chair, I began to go carefully into the subject of George's neglect.

It began about three months ago and had been growing worse ever since. At first I said nothing and when he arrived one or even two hours late for dinner had welcomed him with my usual sweet smile and little attentions. Later on, when in answer to my inquiries, he had muttered something about press of business at the office, I had accepted the reason, only coldly remarking that it was a pity he did not arrange his work better, as I had often heard him complain of having nothing to do in the middle of the day. But now—on the anniversary of our wedding day, the evening to which I had looked forward with such joy—to be late now, was indeed the last straw! The fire fell together leaving the room looking dark, and at the same time the clock chimed half-past nine. I seized the poker and began to vent my wrath on the unoffending coals; as I did so my eye fell on the lace ruffles at my wrist and I remembered with a shock that I had put on my best dress (the one with a silk foundation that George always liked to hear rustling), my new shoes too, and my one diamond ornament. Tears of vexation filled my eyes. I was still kneeling before the fire when a sound at the door made me start. It was only Lydia, however.

"Please ma'm, cook wants to know how much longer she's to keep dinner 'ot?"

"Oh, she need not keep it any longer. I daresay your master won't be in to-night."

"Not to-night! Lor mum. Am I to lock up then?"

"No, of course not, that is, I suppose he will be in to-night, but I don't know at what time."

What *could* have kept George? The moment he came I would demand an explanation. It was my right and I would have it. But would he ever come? Perhaps—oh dreadful thought—he had been run over, or taken very ill, too ill to be able to say where he lived. He had not been looking well lately, but when I asked him about his health he only complained of head-ache, and said the work was rather hard just now. Mamma said he looked starved and she only hoped I gave him enough to eat. Such nonsense! Why could he not return in proper time for his meals. Perhaps, the sandwich he took from the breakfast table was not quite enough lunch, but he had such a small appetite, and was always inclined to think I ordered too much. George has such odd ideas about money matters. He is not stingy where I am concerned I will say, but he will never spend a halfpenny on himself. It is irritating, as we ought not to be so very poor, considering the income he makes, I am sure I forget what it is, but I know it sounded a lot when he told me. Perhaps, he has some secret way of spending his money that I don't know of. Perhaps, that is what keeps him out so late at night. I wish he were not so secretive, he never tells me anything.

Eleven o'clock! He has never been so late before. Yes! I have made up my mind. I shall be extremely angry with George when he comes, and get to the bottom of these evening mysteries. Ah! his key in the latch! I ran out. George was coming slowly upstairs. He held a little packet in his hand.

"I suppose you have had your dinner," I began icily, "I sent the servants to bed ages ago, and in another moment should have gone myself, but now before I do so, I should be obliged if you will tell me what you have been doing this evening, while I have been sitting here waiting for you?"

I paused, but he only started.

"You have forgotten, I suppose, that this is the day on which we were married a year ago Oh! yes, it is natural you should forget, you have so many other things to think of. But I have not, you see, and, therefore, I should like to know a little more of the life you lead in that mysterious world "the city", where you now spend your evenings as well as your days."

He looked at me wearily, and was about to speak, but I interrupted him.

"What is it?" I exclaimed vehemently, my anger rising at every word, "that takes you away night after night from your home without a word of explanation to your wife. You think that because I have said nothing, I have noticed nothing. But you are wrong, George. I am not a silly little fool to be duped and deceived any longer. If there is some one else, I insist upon knowing who she is!"

I stamped my foot. George had risen from his chair, and we stood confronting one another.

"Sit down," he said, and I felt compelled to obey. "This is what has kept me" and he threw the packet on to my lap. "Extra work at the office to enable me to buy this for you!"

I opened the parcel with trembling fingers. There lay a gold bracelet set with pearls.

M. C. Sidgwick.

(This story is the first of a series of three stories.)

SWING SONG FOR LILAMANI.

Swing in your cradle of flowers,
Flowers o'er your head and your feet,
Swing while I sing to you, Sweet,
A song of your cradle of flowers.

Swing in your cradle of flowers,
Like the moon in its cradle of light,
You are my moon of delight,
My heart is your cradle of flowers.

Swing in your cradle of flowers,
Like a flower in the wind of the night,
You are my flower of delight,
A flower in your cradle of flowers.

Sarojini Naidu.

A Purdah-party at Lahore.

THE following is a short account of the Purdah Party held at the Government House at Lahore, on the 30th November, 1905.

At four in the afternoon that day, lines of carriages, some with gaily embroidered covers thrown over them, others quite closed, and a few with chicks to the carriage windows, were seen driving up to the Government House, where Lady Rivaz had taken every precaution to well enclose the verandah and staircase leading to the large drawing-room.

Mrs. Parker, and Miss Bose, Principal of the Victoria Girls' School, Lahore, had been asked to receive the ladies at the entrance of the enclosure and to take them to the drawing-room, where they were received by Lady Rivaz and seated in their respective places. At half-past four Her Royal Highness attended by two of her ladies entered the drawing-room. All the ladies seated on either side stood up, while the Princess walked up smiling and bowing to each lady, as she passed to the beautiful gold and silver chair, which had been put on a large dais under a handsome gold embroidered canopy of rich velvet. After Her Royal Highness had been seated, Lady Rivaz asked Lady Harnam Singh to read the address of welcome :—

"May it please Your Royal Highness. We, the women of the Punjab representing all classes of the community, Muhammadans, Hindus and Christians do consider it our very great privilege to be given this opportunity of approaching Your Royal Highness with our heartfelt greetings and cordial welcome to India. All over the land runs a thrill of loyalty and pleasure at having in our midst the heir-apparent and Royal son, of our gracious Majesty King Edward VII and of our noble and beautiful Queen Alexandra.

His Majesty's own visit to India 30 years ago, some of us recall with joy, and now allowing their Royal son to come out is a sure token of the great interest taken by Their Majesties the King-Emperor and the Queen, in their Indian subjects, which cannot fail to draw its vast people into closer contact with the parent country. Your Royal Highness is the first Princess of Wales who has set her foot on Indian soil, and we heartily welcome our future Queen to our midst.

Your Royal Highness' touching reply to the Bombay ladies shows us what keen and lively interest you take in the welfare of the women of our country, and Your Royal Highness' most gracious manner has already endeared you to our hearts. We also never fail to remember that Your Royal Highnesses are the near descendants of that beloved and illustrious Sovereign, whose name will ever stand as the synonym of noblest womanhood. Her exemplary life as a wife, mother, and Queen has been, and shall be, loved and revered in every Indian home, as a pattern for all women to copy.

It is to her love for the suffering women of India, that we owe that noteworthy institution, the Dufferin Fund, started by the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, at the instance of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress, Victoria the Good. To her benevolent rule is due also the great progress of female education.

Your Royal Highness, the Punjabis have been known and have proved themselves to be the most loyal and brave subjects of the King-Emperor's dominion in India, which truly is a bright diadem in the British Crown. But the women of the Punjab have been known to be no less true to the cause of their King and country, and they consider it their proud privilege to be the mothers and wives of the brave and heroic men of the British Army of the Punjab. In conclusion, may God Almighty bless your Royal Highnesses and all the Royal family. And may your sojourn throughout India be most pleasant, so that your Royal Highness may take back pleasant memories of India, and its loyal people, and especially of the women of the Punjab."

The Princess in a sweet, clear voice gave the following reply :—

"I am much obliged to you for the address which you have presented me; it has given me great pleasure to have this opportunity of making the acquaintance of so many of the Indian ladies of this Province." Lady Harnam Singh translated the Princess' reply in Urdu for the benefit of the ladies.

Then Lady Rivaz presented all the ladies by name one after the other, with each of whom Her Royal Highness shook hands most kindly. The presentation being over, Lady Rivaz asked a few ladies to come up by turn for a little talk with Her Royal Highness.

Her Highness the Maharani Sahiba of Kapurthala was the first to be taken, then the Begums of Maler Kotla. After them the Kanwar Rani of Patiala, and a good many others. Her Royal Highness spoke most kindly to each lady, and showed interest in them. When Her Royal Highness arose to leave, she came up to Lady Harnam Singh and asked her to tell all the ladies present how very pleased she was to meet them, and that it was good of them to come, and she would always remember this afternoon with pleasure.

The moment the ladies heard these gracious remarks, the majority of them came round Her

Royal Highness and asked Lady Harnam Singh to tell Her Royal Highness, what pleasure, pride and joy was theirs to have the privilege of seeing the daughter-in-law of the good Queen Victoria and their future Queen. One lady amongst them, the wife of some Sirdar, made a pretty remark; she wished to know why the King did not live in India where Kings, she said, in olden times have always resided, and if this was done even now, things would be so different and better. The Princess, in reply, wished the lady to be told, that it was not possible for the King to come and live in India.

Her Royal Highness seemed touched with all their expressions of loyalty, and smiled most graciously.

We are informed that Her Royal Highness was pleased to send her photographs to the following ladies :—

Maharani Sahiba of Kapurthala,
Begums of Maler Kotla,
Lady Harnam Singh,
Sardarni Umrá Singh,
Mrs. Parker and Miss Bose.

It was a happy thought which led Lady Rivaz and the ladies in Bombay and Calcutta to get up these Purdah parties which enabled the Princess of Wales to meet some of the ladies of rank and position in India, with whom she could not have come in contact otherwise; the visit of a Princess of Wales to India has without doubt brought out a greater feeling of enthusiasm and devotion to the British throne.

Her Royal Highness must have observed the remarkable intelligence in the faces of many present there, and must have been impressed with the fact, that the women of India might become what womanhood has attained to and achieved in other countries, through civilisation and education; and the interest thus aroused in Her Royal Highness' mind towards the female portion of His Majesty the King-Emperor's subjects in India will be kept up forever.

And as for the Indian ladies, I am sure they have lost their hearts to the gracious Princess. Her winning manner and smiling face will ever remain a bright spot in their memories. This is a welcome break in their monotonous lives which are disturbed by so few events. The women of India are dutiful, and loving. Their chords of loyalty have been stirred, and their hearts have been bound to their future Queen.

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood—
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete!"

TENNYSON.

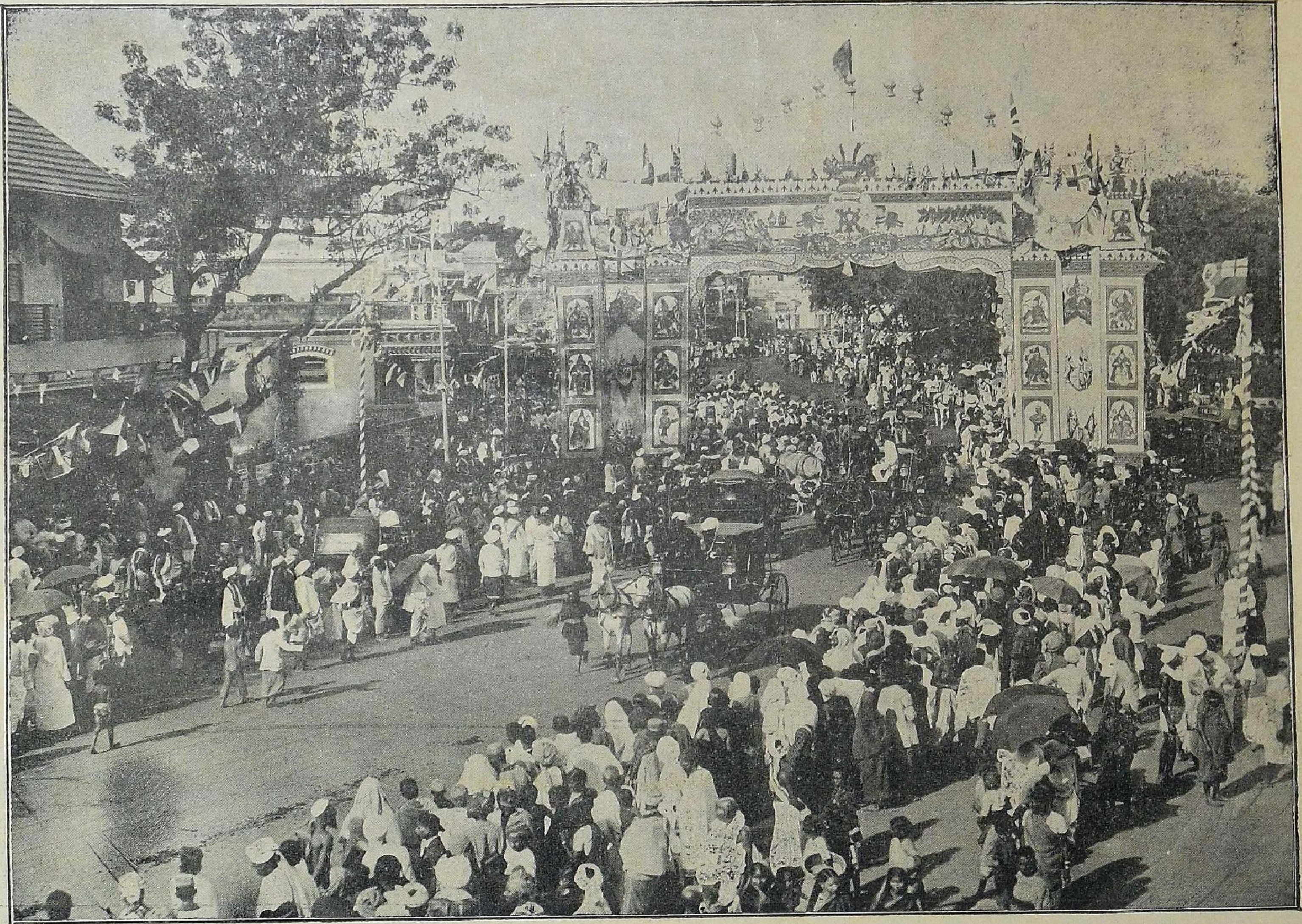
The Royal Visit to Madras.

THE Royal Party reached Madras on the 24th, in the afternoon, and received a most loyal and hearty welcome. The pavilion at the Harbour with its pretty decorations and what with the gorgeous dresses of the many Zemindars and Rajahs presented a grand night. A subdued line of conversation was audible, mingling with the swish and the roar of the sea-waves, suddenly broken in upon, as the Prince and Princess arrived, by the far-off boom of the salute from Fort St. George, and the sharp crack of the salute from the steam-ships. The sudden lull of silence, filled in by the soft wash of the waves, between each crack of the guns was very pleasant. As Their Royal Highnesses landed, an irresistible thrill ran through every bosom, and great, indeed, must have been the happy excitement, though the scene was quiet enough. The address from the Corporation was presented in a beautiful silver casket.

H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, made the following reply :—

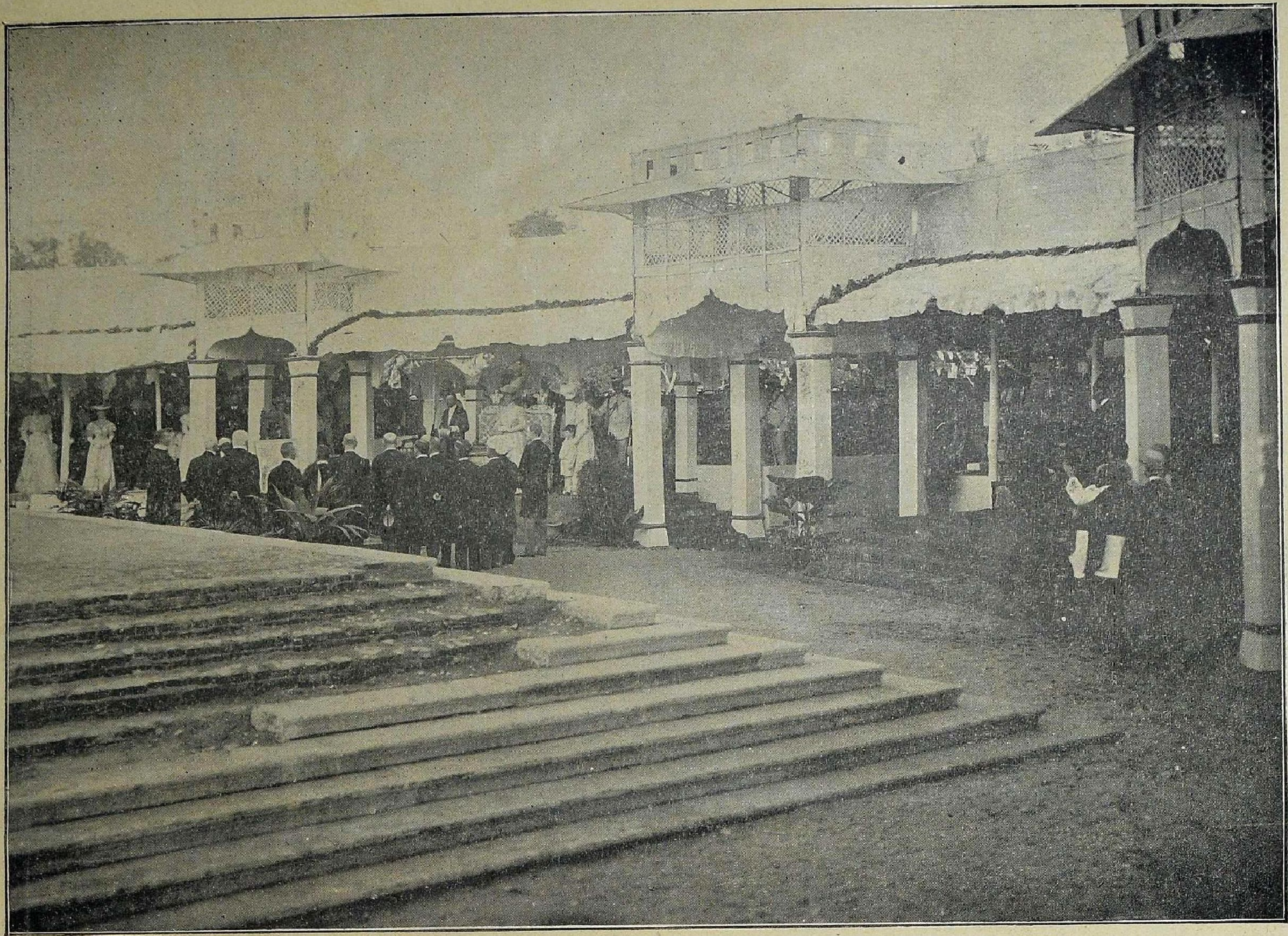
"GENTLEMEN,—I thank you for the hearty welcome which you offer to the Princess of Wales and myself. We have looked forward with much pleasure to visiting your old and historic city, which, I believe, to be our oldest possession and oldest Municipality in British India, and I desire to express our deep appreciation of the generous efforts and carefully planned preparations which have been made for our reception by you and the citizens of Madras. We anticipate with interest the scenes which await us during the next few days, and we hope to use the opportunities which you and my friend Lord Ampthill have given us for seeing your city and its people. I will not fail to communicate to the King-Emperor your loyal assurances. Though thirty years have passed since he was your guest, my dear father's recollections of Madras are still vivid and happy. Gentlemen, I again thank you for the affectionate terms in which you have greeted us to your city."

The procession from the Harbour was a splendid sight. The progress of the Royal Party, headed by a beautiful array of mounted troops and followed by the brilliant equipages of the Prince and Zamindars, was very imposing and the cheering they received from the crowds lining the routes was loud and tremendous. Madras with its splendid buildings, with its gay decorations, with its crowds of citizens lining



THE ROYAL VISIT TO MADRAS.

A part of the Procession escorting Their Royal Highnesses from the Harbour.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO MADRAS.

Laying the Foundation-stone of the Victoria Memorial Hall.

the road and sitting on the improvised galleries, all in gay attire, presented, indeed, a splendid sight, which Their Royal Highnesses must have been very pleased to see.

The illuminations in the evening all along Mount Road were a sight to see, though not so grand as they might have been.

At 8 P.M. there was a State Banquet at Government House; and afterwards a Levee was held, at which more than 800 gentlemen were presented to the Prince. The fine uniforms and levee dresses made the spectacle an imposing sight.

The 25th was a busy day. In the morning, there was the *Mizaj Pursi* ceremony and the formal State visits of the Maharajahs of Cochin and Pudukotta. His Royal Highness was then pleased to grant audiences to the Rajas, Zamindars, and Nobles who had been invited by the Government of Madras. 'A Deputation of the Landholders' Association' presented a loyal address to the Prince, which was enclosed in a most beautiful casket. The casket was 'mounted in an ebony plinth 4½in. high, and in the centre of the plinth a silver plate was fixed bearing the inscription "Presented to Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales during their Visit to Madras, January, 1906." The casket proper is 14 in. high and 21 in. long, of solid silver. There are also four panel scenes from Indian life on either side of the casket beautifully finished. On the front is represented a field in course of cultivation. On the opposite side of the casket the scene consists of a paddy field with a native village in the distance. On either end of the casket are scenes from the Ramayana, one representing the return of Sri Rama from Mithila after his marriage ceremony and his reception by his people, and the other pourtraying his accession and coronation. The lid of the casket is exceedingly handsome and the four corners of it are set off with the Prince of Wales's feathers, in solid silver, and two doves, each holding an olive spray, are beautifully mounted on either side of a gilded crown on a Maltese Cross which surmounts a wealth of fluted and scroll silver work and adds the finishing touch to one of the prettiest caskets that has been presented. The casket was designed and manufactured by Messrs. T. R. Tawker and Son, the well-known firm of jewellers and silver-smiths, of Mount Road.'

The Princess, meanwhile, paid a visit to the Victoria Gosha Hospital. The different wards being inspected, Her Royal Highness expressed herself much pleased with the Hospital and approved of the large number of higher class ladies who sought admission to it. A touching incident took place in connection with this visit. A little Brahmin boy had received an injury from the kick of a mounted Police officer's horse. Her Royal Highness was much concerned at the accident, had the boy immediately looked and frequently enquired after him. The boy is all right now. But it may be mentioned that a most kind letter was received by the boy's family from Her Royal Highness from Mysore. It is such gracious acts of kindness from the members of the Royal Family, which add the finishing touch to the loyalty of Indian citizens. When our rulers are so kind to us, all the more reason that we should be more loyal to them.

In the shades of the evening, Their Royal Highnesses drove to Adyar. Very large crowds of spectators had assembled along the roads to catch a glimpse of the Royal visitors and greeted the Party with continued outbursts of applause. The city was gaily decorated and beautifully illuminated. At night came off the public entertainment which was typically oriental from beginning to end, and expressed in the heartiest way India's loyal welcome to the Royal visitors. Besides the presentation of an address, the programme consisted of a wild dance by the Khonds of Ganjam, an exhibition of magic and conjuring tricks, as well as of feats of strength and swordsmanship, performances of different kinds, Sanscrit songs with Indian musical accompaniments and also a brilliant display of fireworks.

The forenoon of the 26th was spent quietly by Their Royal Highnesses in a visit to the Government Central Museum.

Then at 1 P.M., H. R. H. the Prince of Wales returned in State the visit of H. H. the Rajah of Cochin. After that, private audiences were granted to some important chiefs and Indian gentlemen.

We must not forget to mention that one of the special features of the Royal Visit was the arrangements made to feed the poor of Madras. Apart from the feeding by the committee, a good deal was done by private citizens to make the poor happy.

The special function of the evening of the 26th was the laying of the Foundation of the Victoria Memorial Hall. The function was a brilliant one. His Royal Highness made a gracious speech, approving the object of the Hall, which is this :—

"Apart from its Memorial purpose to form the recognised Headquarters of the Institute, to constitute a Bureau of Information on Technical and Industrial subjects, and to provide a Lecture Hall, and a centre for exhibiting a collection of the best specimens of the arts and crafts of the Presidency."

His Excellency the Governor's speech, in reply, was a most appropriate one, expressing

the thanks of the people of this Presidency for the honour done to them :—

"Your Royal Highnesses,—I beg leave to thank Your Royal Highnesses, not only on behalf of those here present, but also on behalf of the entire people of this Presidency, for the gracious act which we have just been privileged to behold. Your Royal Highnesses have, for three months past, had countless opportunities of observing how deep-seated in the hearts of the people of India are loyalty to the Throne and devotion to the Royal Family. It is, therefore, unnecessary for me to explain how much it means to us, the people of this Presidency, that this Foundation-stone should have been laid by the Heir-Apparent to the Throne and the grandson of the great and good Queen whose name the superstructure is to commemorate. It is everything to us; we have hoped for it, and counted on it, and no other inauguration could have seemed so worthy and appropriate to us. I, therefore, beg Your Royal Highnesses to accept the heartfelt thanks of the people of the Madras Presidency."

In the night, there was a State Reception at the Banqueting Hall. A very large number of guests was present, and Their Royal Highnesses were introduced to many ladies and gentlemen. The scene was, indeed, a brilliant one.

Shortly after noon, on the 27th, Their Royal Highnesses paid a visit to Fort St. George. The Prince and Princess spent a considerable time in examining the many objects of interest and kindly inscribed their autographs in the Visitors' Book.

Then came the very pleasant Purdah Party from 3-30 to about 4-15 P.M. The Party deserves a longer description. It had been arranged by Her Excellency Lady Ampthill to give some of the Indian ladies an opportunity to meet Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, and it was conducted most successfully right through, without a single flaw or pause in the arrangements. Everything had been planned beforehand by Lady Ampthill. Indeed, had it not been for Her Excellency's untiring efforts and far-seeing, well-arranged plans, this Reception would not have been the success it was. The Purdah arrangements were also very good; there was nothing inappropriate or inconvenient; and, I believe, when the Party was over, complete satisfaction was expressed by all the ladies present.

The following ladies had the honor of meeting Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales:—The Princess of Arcot with her daughter and daughter-in-law, Shabbariah Begum Sahib, Seyubun Nissa Begum Saheba, Mahmmia Begum Saheba with their eight daughters and daughters-in-law, the Maharaja Kumarika of Vizianagaram, the Maharani of Bobbili, Lady Gajapathi Rao, Janaky Rajajie Saheb (sister of the Rajah of Pudukottah), Mrs. Sankara Nair, Lady Bhashyam Iyengar with her seven daughters and daughters-in-law, Mrs. P. S. Sivasawmy Iyer, Lady Desikachariar, Mrs. K. Vasudeva Iyengar, Mrs. R. V. Sreenivasa Iyer, Mrs. K. R. Guruswamy Iyer, Mrs. Narasimheswara Sarma, Lady Ramasawmy Moodelliar with her daughter and daughter-in-law, the Dowager Rani of Kollengode and the Young Rani of Kollengode, the Dowager Jaghirdarni of Arni and the young Jaghirdarni of Arni, the Zemindarni of Bhadrachelum with her daughter-in-law, Gurusanthammani Amma Garu (aunt to the Zemindarni of Punganur), the Zemindarni of Punganur, the Zemindarni of S. Vallur, Zahara Begum Saheba with her daughter and daughter-in-law, Khyroon Nissa Begum Saheba, Mrs. Bauliah Naidu, Mrs. Osman Khan with her four daughters and daughters-in-law.

Six Ladies assisted in conducting the party through, namely, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss Sell, Mrs. Firth, Mrs. Subrahmanyam, Mrs. Hensman, and Mrs. Satthianadhan—the last four translating to Her Royal Highness. The dresses of the Indian ladies were of different types. Some of them were very pretty, and the bright colours and flashing jewels made the Banqueting Hall look like an arrangement of parterres of hot-house flowers. A bed of tulips would, I suppose, be the proper comparison—I have often heard an English lady comparing Indian ladies to these beautiful flowers. Altogether, the beautiful Banqueting Hall presented a brilliant sight.

The ladies were arranged down the long hall in groups of ones, twos and so on. All stood up and bowed low as Her Royal Highness entered and passed up to the dais. Then, one by one, or in small groups in the order of precedence, the ladies were led up to the dais and presented to Lady Ampthill, and by Her Excellency to the Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness was very gracious, indeed, took a keen interest in most of the ladies, and conversed most affably with each for a few minutes. Her Royal Highness' gracious courtesy and kindly greetings were much appreciated by one and all. It was noticeable that the Princess of Wales took an unmistakable interest in children. Whenever the conversation was about the children of the Ranis, many and kindly were the questions asked about them by the gracious Princess. Her Royal Highness told some of the ladies that it had given her much pleasure to come to India with H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and to see the many interesting features of this beautiful land. There was not much time to devote to each town separately; but still, the visit was full of interest to Their Royal Highnesses.

After the presentation was over, Her Royal Highness passed down the long hall, bowing and smiling to all around, and, after exchanging a few words with the ladies who had helped, left

for the Garden Party. Then Her Excellency Lady Ampthill returned, and with her own kind hands sprinkled rose-water on the guests, presented bouquets to them, and garlanded them with beautiful appropriate garlands, not of flowers, but of fine silver lace threads.

This Purdah Party was indeed a unique reception. So many Ranis and great ladies of our Presidency coming from outside places to meet the gracious representative of their august Empress, who had taken such trouble to come from across the seas, leaving her dear children behind, simply to satisfy the loyalty of the citizens of the Indian Empire. Was it not a sight worth seeing? The Indian ladies were all unanimous in their expressions of gratitude for this high honour, and Her Royal Highness's gracious demeanour was much appreciated. "The Princess of Wales is charming," said one lady to me; "who are we that we should be accorded this honour?" "It is enough that our eyes have been privileged to see the gracious Princess," said another; while another Indian lady quaintly expressed herself:—Our feet seem to have springs in them; they are so eager to stand up and greet Her Royal Highness."

While the Princess of Wales was having the Purdah party, H. R. H., the Prince of Wales had been having a grand investiture ceremony, in which three knighthoods had been conferred, the recipients of the honour being Sir Ralph Benson, Sir Henry King, Sir Venbakam Desikachary. The ceremony was an interesting one. The honours which the Prince of Wales has been graciously pleased to confer, are, as the *Madras Mail* says, "a graceful and handsome acknowledgement of the efforts of the people to accord Their Royal Highnesses a hearty and fitting welcome."

The Garden Party in the evening was a brilliant function. The Government House Park was looking its best in the bright sunshine, and the pretty dresses of the ladies added beauty to the scene. Among the many lovely costumes may be mentioned the beautiful dress of H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, which was made up of cream chiffon with wreaths of chiffon roses and leaves in their natural colours in graceful sprays on the bodice and skirt, with as usual the neat toque to match, which suits Her Royal Highness so well. Lady Ampthill's lovely dress of beautiful grey silk suited Her Excellency to perfection and made her, if possible, still more sweet and graceful.

In the night, by His Royal Highness' orders, a brilliant fireworks display was given by H. M. S. the Hyacinth and Fox. The display was a grand one, being intended more for the humble citizens of the town, who had not been able to view the fireworks of the preceding night. The streets near the Harbour were crowded, and the fireworks display enjoyed to the utmost. This action is but one more instance of thoughtfulness on the part of His Royal Highness.

The Royal visit to Madras may be said to have fittingly closed with attendance on Sunday at the impressive service at St. Mary's Fort St. George. The sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Madras, and was a most impressive one.

On Sunday afternoon, there was a quiet drive to Guindy. We must not forget to mention one more act of thoughtfulness on the part of Their Royal Highnesses. The drive to Guindy was through San Thome, and as the *Mail* says:

"It was simply charming of Their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, to have afforded the people of San Thomè an opportunity of seeing and doing honour to them yesterday evening, after our disappointment on the 25th. Although intimation that their Royal Highnesses were likely to drive through San Thome at about 6-15 P.M., was received only in the course of the afternoon, the decorations and illuminations of the route were got ready with marvellous speed, and by 5 P.M. the approaches to the High Road were blocked with expectant throngs of people, whose clapping and cheering were heard above the clanging of the bells of the Cathedral, as Their Royal Highnesses passed by, at about 6-30 P.M.

Their Royal Highnesses left Madras in the night by special Train. The departure was private, but the whole route was crowded with spectators.

Their Royal Highnesses' memorable visit to Madras will ever be remembered by the Indian people. This gracious visit has satisfied the loyalty of thousands of people in the Presidency, whose only thought these few days has been how to accord a fitting welcome to Their Royal Highnesses. Every arrangement was carried out perfectly. There was no hitch or any trouble to spoil the complete success of the whole five days' programme.

That Their Royal Highnesses have been very pleased with their visit to Madras, we can see by this letter which the Prince wrote to H. E. Lord Ampthill:—

PRINCE OF WALES' CAMP, MADRAS, *28th Jan.*

My dear Lord Ampthill,—The Princess of Wales and I have greatly enjoyed our stay in Madras. Before leaving, we are anxious that you should make known to all classes of the community how grateful we are for the affectionate welcome given to us, not only on the day of our arrival, but on all other occasions when we have appeared among the people. Please also assure them how much we appreciate the thoughtful care which has been bestowed upon all the arrangements for our reception and entertainment. I am especially obliged to you for having afforded me opportunities of meeting and talking with the leaders

of Indian Society in the South. . . . We shall carry away the happiest recollections of Madras and its people.

Believe me,
Most sincerely yours,
(Sd.) GEORGE P.

As the *Madras Mail* remarks:

"We are delighted to know that Their Royal Highnesses were so pleased with their visit to this city, and we can respectfully assure them that they carry with them the heartfelt wishes of the whole Presidency for their continued health and happiness, and its warmest thanks for the opportunity which they have afforded it of testifying to its fervent devotion and unabated loyalty to themselves and to the Throne."

Editorial Notes.

Monna Vanna: or, "the Lady with the Fan."

We publish in our frontispiece, this beautiful picture of D. G. Rossetti. From 1865 to 1875 was the period during which Rossetti produced the superb series of three-quarter-length figures of women. One of the earliest of these was the beautiful "Beloved, or the Bride," and this was followed within a year by the splendid "Monna Vanna" here reproduced. Both of these works were bought direct from Rossetti by the husband of the present owner, and have since been among the most valued treasures of Redcourt, Birkenhead.

The dignity, and almost Venetian splendour, of the seated figure at once absorb the attention. With less heart and intensity of feeling, but with a greater loveliness and serenity, than the renowned "Melancholia" of Albert Dürer, this "fairest of women" seems to find the hours wear as wearily as the disheartened contemplator of the cube. The fair hands toy and entangle themselves impatiently with the long rows of coral beads about her neck, and in her consciousness that homage is her due she turns on the spectator the light of her beautiful countenance. Hair, fan, and gold-embroidered drapery seem to vie with each other to exalt the lovely personality.

"Shahinda," our Mahommedan lady contributor.

We published the latest photo of the kind Mahommedan lady, Miss Fyzee, signing herself "Shahinda," who has been contributing so many interesting little articles to our *Magazine*. In our Christmas number, we published the photo of her sister, H. H. the Begum Sahiba of Janjira. As accomplished as her sister, as wide-hearted and charming, Miss Fyzee deserves as much admiration as the Begum Sahiba; and yet she is modest and unassuming, as becomes a real lady. It is only after repeated askings that she has sent us this photo. It is seldom Mahommedan ladies write and are well-educated like our Miss Fyzee. But there is no doubt that Mahommedan female education is also trying to advance, and, indeed, *has* advanced a good deal. Miss Fyzee is deeply interested in all movements for the advancement of Indian ladies. She takes a great interest in our *Magazine*. "I wish I could wholly devote myself to your *Magazine*," she wrote to me once; "but I am so busy." She is a lady who has many calls on her time, and yet finds a little leisure to write for this journal. It is such a kind of deep, incessant and continued interest that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* needs, especially from the "daughters of India" themselves. It is Indian women alone who can best advance the education of Indian women; and the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is a small effort in this direction. Let us, therefore, hope that the extremely kind help which "Shahinda" gives to us, for which we are, indeed, very thankful, will be followed by other Indian ladies. We shall thank them so much for any articles and papers they may send.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

The Viceroy has signified his intention of continuing toward, on the usual conditions, silver medals hitherto offered by previous Viceroys for competition amongst female students at Medical Colleges in India.

A Widows' Institute will shortly be established in Lahore to find work for destitute high caste Hindu widows. A spacious building will be secured and provided with sewing machines, etc.

An Amritsar Correspondent writes to the *Pioneer*:—Under the auspices of the local Arya Samaj, a widow-marriage of considerable public interest has been performed here. The bride is the widowed daughter of a zealous Arya and the bridegroom a respectable young man of Taithal. A large number of guests were present at the marriage.

Miss Lestel de Vidu and Miss Mary Poonen, of the Trivandrum Convent of Holy Angels, and Miss Lena B. d'Netto, of the Trivandrum Government College for girls, have come out successful at the recent F.A. Examination.

Miss Mary Poonen, only daughter of Surgeon E. Poonen, M.D, of the Trivandrum General Hospital has succeeded in passing the F. A. Examination. She is the first Syrian Christian lady to pass this examination and she did brilliantly in the Matriculation some years ago.

Miss Flora Saldanha, the first native Catholic lady and the only lady candidate that appeared for F. A. last December, did not pass. Miss Saldanha has left for Bombay to join the Medical College.

With a view of opening a class for physical culture the Bombay Ladies' Branch of the National Indian Association held an Exhibition at the Alexandra Institution, the other day, at which Miss Frances Short demonstrated.

The Tirchanur Madhava Sabha assembled at Tirupati last week, under the presidentship of Mr. S. Venkoba Chariya, Principal of the Madura College. Rangama, a virgin-widow and a student of the Poona Native High School, delivered an interesting and instructive lecture in Kanarese on female education. About 700 Madhava ladies were present. Among the gentlemen who attended, was Dewan Bahadur K. Krishnasami Rao.

Quite a unique gathering of Sindhi ladies and gentlemen took place on Monday last in the Gidumal Pathsala Hall on the occasion of the prize distribution to the pupils of the New Girls' Anglo-Vernacular School. Miss Promela Ghose, the Headmistress of the School, deserves great praise for the exquisite taste with which the Hall was decorated and for the excellent songs and recitations in Sindhi, Hindhi and English, of the children. The girls acquitted themselves most creditably in the dialogue on female education "Kanya Pukar." The songs were very well chosen, on the whole the function was a great success. The prizes were given away to the girls by Bhai Kalachand, a venerated *Sadhu*, who in a short speech emphasised the evils of the dowry system which, he said, can only disappear as female education advances. He appealed to the public of Hyderabad to support this good movement. He was followed by Diwan Kauromal, who in his speech dwelt upon the advantages of female education. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chair.

Miss Saada Faizmohamed, who stands first amongst all the successful Mohamedan candidates at the recent Matriculation test, and who has been awarded the J. Pirbhoy and the Dr. Janmohamed scholarship, and the Lady Reay Medal, is a daughter of the late Mr. Faizmohamed Fatehali, well-known in Karachi. He was for some years in charge of Messrs. Tyabji & Co.'s firm here, and proved himself a useful member of various Committees and Boards. He was also a son-in-law of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Badruddin Tyabji, of Bombay, and a nephew of Professor Mirza (Alavi) F.U.B., and his brothers, the late Persian Consuls here. We congratulate the successful lady and her relatives, here and abroad, on the success she has achieved.

A prize of Rs. 50 will be awarded to the writer of the best essay on "How to promote inter-marriages among the sub-castes of the Hindus." The essays must reach Dr. C. B. Rama Rao, Secretary of the Madras Hindu Social Reform Association, not later than the 1st proximo.

To perpetuate the memory of the late Strimathi Bhandaru Atchamambagaru, the talented authoress of "Lives of Noble Women," etc., a disinterested worker in the cause of Female Education and Ladies' Associations, the Madras Hindu Social Reform Association has resolved to open in her name in Madras a Free Lending and Circulating Library of vernacular books, newspapers and magazines for the use of women, which will, in addition to being a memorial, serve the great purpose of being an important source of instruction to Hindu ladies. Admirers and friends of the lady, and all those who are interested in the cause of the advancement of women, are requested to co-operate in the accomplishment of the object.

The session of the eighth annual Conference of Southern Maratha Jains at Toundi, Belgaum, concluded on the 2nd, after three days' deliberations. Anautrajiah Motkhani, of Mysore, presided, and over five thousand persons from all parts of the Deccan were present. Resolutions welcoming T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales expressing thanks to H.H. the Maharajah of Kolhapur and to Sheth Manikchand Panachand Bombay, for their liberal grants and patronage to the Jain Boarding House, Kolhapur; encouraging female education; deprecating early marriage, cruelty to animals and nautch parties; and dealing with the necessity of religious preaching, development of educational funds and industries, the admission of Jain literature into University curriculum, etc., were passed. An address was presented to Sheth Manikchand Pana Javeri, of Bombay. Five thousand rupees were subscribed and the sympathy of all classes and creeds enlisted. The Jain Ladies' Conference assembled on the 11th instant and a separate Female Education Fund was started, 2,500 women being present. Bai Maganbai, daughter of Sheth Manikchand, presided and Miss Kelavkar, L. M. and S., Lady Doctor of Kolhapur, spoke eloquently.—T. I.

On Sunday, the 24th of December, 1905 an important widow-remarriage was celebrated in the Arya Samaj Mandir College Party. The widow was a real niece of Pandit Kotu Malji, Managing Director, General Mills, Amritsar, a staunch and enthusiastic member of the College Party and the bridegroom was a well-to-do gentleman of Kaithal. The ceremony was performed strictly according to the Vedic rites.

Our Ladies' Section at the Mysore Industrial Exhibition turned out quite a success. Work of all kinds such as;—Gold and silk embroidery, both of English, Indian and Mahomedan patterns, laces in knitting, point crochet, darning and other work in abundance, bead work—nothing English—which was greatly admired by the English judges, painting in oils and colours from mostly English ladies and only one Brahmin lady, who sent us also specimens of her photographs, confectionery of jams and sweets made from sugar, cocoanut, etc., pickles, lime, citron, etc., some made by our girls, as cookery is one of the optional subjects.

Candles, cocoanut, paddy, cloves, arecanut, and different articles in the way of toys, trays, and boxes were sent.

From the eight districts of Mysore the ladies and Schools sent in their contributions.

Of all the sections in the Exhibition, the most popular was the Women's Section. Their Royal Highnesses went through this and the Prince and Princess said they were "pleased with the work done by the women of Mysore."

Two banners, worked by Mrs. Ananda Rao, attracted attention. One was over the entrance, with "A cordial welcome to the Ladies' Section," done in gold spangles on yellow silk. The other was "Loyal greeting to Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales," worked with pearls on deep red satin. This banner pleased the Prince. We were all so sorry Lady Krishna Murti could not be with us, as she had been helpful and had encouraged

every one at the meetings. We are thankful, however, that she is daily growing better.

While at Mysore Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was graciously pleased to give an audience to the Deputation of the Maharani College, consisting of the Lady Superintendent and the three Hindu ladies who are about to complete the third branch of the B. A. examination, *viz.*, Sowbhogyavati Rukminiamma, Sree Rangamma and Subbamma and the three typical widow students and 2 children of the Maharani's College, Mysore. The Lady Superintendent kneeled before Her Royal Highness and the others made namaskarams when they were presented to Her Royal Highness. The Princess made many kind enquiries of the Lady Superintendent about the strength of the college, and the condition of female education. Her Royal Highness shook hands with every one of the Hindu ladies and spoke to every one of them on matters of education for about 2 minutes each. These ladies then presented garlands and bouquets to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and then took leave of Her Royal Highness. The Ladies forming the deputation were mightily pleased with the audience and they look upon the Reception as the grandest event in their lives.

The first annual prize distribution of the Sinthi Surbamangala Girls' School was held yesterday with great success in the premises of Babu Banku Behari Pal, Zemindar. The house was tastefully decorated. Babu Lalit Mohan Ghosal was in the chair. The meeting was opened with a Bengali hymn sung in a chorus by the girls of the school. A silver medal was awarded to the best recitation on the occasion. The President next distributed the prizes consisting of medals, toys, books, pictures and other pretty little things to the respective girls in order of merit. After the function was over, the President in a short little speech dwelt on the importance of training the girls.

The newly started Girls' School in Pind Dadan Khan has already more than 50 students. The news ought to be encouraging to the friends of Female Education in the Punjab. In backward parts of the Province, too, the cause has now staunch supporters even among the orthodox.

AMERICAN WOMEN IN TRADE.

True there are no women soldiers or sailors in America, and none to climb the poles supporting telegraph and telephone lines; but with these exceptions it can be truthfully said the women of America invade every conceivable profession and occupation—as a glance at the voluminous census records will show. For out of 303 occupations in which men are engaged, women are found in 300. There are 193 lady blacksmiths, and 190 keepers of livery stables who are also women, and in many cases employ women ostlers. There are eight steam boiler makers; several roofers and slaters; 126 plumbers; 409 electricians; and no fewer than 1,041 lady architects, the bidding of any one of whom may be done by 167 female stone masons and bricklayers and 545 lady carpenters. Of plasterers there are 45; 1,759 house painters, and 241 paper-hangers. There are also women marble-workers, cabinet makers, and makers of grates, furnaces, and heating apparatus. These interesting artisans may buy their raw material from their own sex, for there are a round hundred lady lumber-"men," while 989 women quarry-"men" stand ready to furnish stone and marbles. And when the material is ready the lady architect may call upon 904 women teamsters and dray "men" for haulage.

News and Notes.

—Helen Keller is always cheerful, in spite of being blind, deaf and dumb. She says: "The answer to my longing is always clear and steady. God in infinite goodness has seen fit to make the flowers of the bitter almond tree sweet."

—The two widows of the late Maharajah of Durbhanga each receives property yielding Rs. 75,000 annually.

—The Premier of New South Wales has promised to co-operate in the dispatch of flour to Japan for the relief of the famine-stricken.

—Terrible sufferings are reported from the famine-stricken districts of Japan. Parents are selling children from one shilling seven pence to four shillings each. Many people are mad with hunger and steal and eat horses, while roots are baked into cakes.

—In some Italian towns, instead of ordinary books serving as prizes in public schools, savings-bank books, with a small sum entered to the credit of the young prize-winner, are utilised.

—An organisation of young men, all graduates and under-graduates, has been formed in Calcutta for advancing the Swadeshi movement. These young men actually carry Swadeshi goods on their heads from door-to-door, and dispose of them at cost price to those who are too poor to pay the prices charged at the retail shops.

—To the Englishman there are only two sorts of women, pretty and plain, says the *Ladies' Field*, "and it would be hard to say of which he is the more terrified. Once safely annexed, however, he becomes quite human, all married men being unconscionable

flirts and so tame that they will feed out of the hand of the most designing minx that ever emerged from the schoolroom."

—A Matrimonial bureau is probably to be established by the Salvation Army in Canada. Commissioner Coombes, who has just returned from a trip through the North West and British Columbia, is impressed with the need of some trustworthy agency of this kind. Many applications have been received, he says, from honest, hardworking men asking for the assistance of the Army in securing good wives. These men will not trust ordinary matrimonial agencies, but would have confidence in the Army, and the Commissioner is convinced that exceedingly useful work could be done by helping western bachelors to meet women of such character as the Army would recommend.

—Vegetables and Character.—A scientist, after investigating the effect of food, particularly vegetables, on the human character, affirms that a diet of carrots ameliorates harshness of character and reduces nervous irritability; peas create joyousness; while turnips have a depressing influence. Cabbage is good for pulmonary complaints, while lettuce acts as a sedative upon the human frame owing to the opium it contains.

—Preserving Eggs.—Eggs may be preserved in several ways. If you rub the shells with butter it will keep them for months. Another mode is to apply with a brush a solution of gum arabic to the shells, or immerse the eggs therein, let them dry, and afterwards pack them in dry charcoal dust. Steeping them in sweet oil answers the purpose for a year. Boiling for a minute answers for a month.

—Bird Surgeons.—Certain birds seem to possess a remarkable instinct for surgery. The woodcock, the partridge, and some others are said to be able to dress their wounds with considerable skill. A naturalist observes that he has shot several woodcocks that were recovering from wounds previously received. In every instance he found the injury neatly dressed with down plucked from the stems of feathers and skilfully arranged over the wound, evidently by the long beak of the bird. In other cases, ligatures had been applied to wounded or broken limbs.

—Street Telephones.—The finest system of street telephones in the world, the most conveniently and comfortably arranged, and having the most numerous booths, is found—not in London, but in Stockholm. In that city the telephone has been grafted on the daily life of the inhabitants until it has become indispensable. Street telephone pavilions are found at every cab-stand, theatre, restaurant, and in every thoroughfare, and they open automatically by dropping a coin into a slot. The booths are of attractive design and architecture. The floor is several inches above the pavement or ground, as the case may be, so the person using the 'phone stands out of the damp in the most inclement weather. Each station has a gas-jet which is kept lighted at night.

—Healthiest Trade.—The healthiest trade in the world is that of dye-making from coal-tar. Tar and the smell of it are the best of all tonics and tissue-builders. The average life of a tar-worker is eighty-six years. The mortality is 80 per cent. lower than in any other factory trade.

—Japs at School.—The Japanese have adopted a compulsory system of national education. A boy and girl must attend school as soon as they attain the age of six and remain there until the age of fourteen. The first four years they teach them the Japanese and Chinese languages, and the latter four years they add English; when a boy and girl are graduated from the Japanese common schools they can read and speak English.

—Brain-wearing Professions.—A scientist has gathered from statistics that the military and naval professions most quickly wear out the brains. Out of 100,000 soldiers and sailors 199 were confirmed lunatics. Next came the liberal professions, artists heading the list, followed closely by lawyers, and more distantly by doctors, clergymen, literary men, and civil servants. In 100,000 about 177 of these go mad. Of domestic servants and labourers 155 out of 100,000 go to the asylum, and of mechanics only sixty-six. The sanest people, apparently, are commercial men, of whom forty-two in 100,000 go mad.

—Queen Wilhelmina of Holland made up her mind in early life to keep a diary, led to do so by example of the Queen of England. Like her, too, she adorns her pages with tiny sketches, wherever a picture will most readily recall a cherished incident.

—Queen Helena of Italy has written a volume of poems that are said to show much poetic talent. One of them, entitled "War," has a direct bearing upon the recent conflict in the Far East. The verses were written in the queen's native tongue (Montenegrin) and have been translated into German. They are soon to be published by a German firm.

—Over-eating and under-thinking are the chief causes of premature old age, according to the *Lancet*. It is not a question of time. "Man is as old as his arteries," and the arteries may sometimes be older than the man. Prosperous members of the trading community die at the age of 60 years or thereabouts first, because they have ceased to think, and secondly, because they continue to eat and to drink in excess of the requirements of their bodies. Remarkable longevity, with complete retention of mental activity, is mainly found in men of high intellectual endowments who have become dependent upon the exercise of those endowments for their chief pleasures and whose minds are not crippled by confinement within grooves. Longevity is one of the ordinary rewards of eminence in mathematics, in philosophy, in science or in law.

—The Pure Food Committee appointed by the General Federation at its last Biennial meeting has sent out two circulars prepared by its members, "Facts about Pure Food," by Mrs. Helen Guthrie, and "How to Work for Pure Food." Mrs. Guthrie, the chairman of the committee, started an investigation of the markets of San Francisco ten years ago and is well versed in the matter of pure foods. At the next Biennial this committee expects to make a fine exhibit in co-operation with the National Association of State and Dairy Food Departments, which will be much more complete than the one at St. Louis.

—The Humanity Club, an offshoot from the Wednesday Club, has carried on a far-reaching work for the betterment of St. Louis. Its general work is the amelioration of conditions existing in the city institutions, especially in the prisons. The separation of the sexes, the introduction of baths with running water, the appointment of female guards, and the more humane treatment of the prisoners generally is largely due to the influence of the Humanity Club. The Juvenile Court and probation system were brought about by the efforts of

the club. During the World's Fair it co-operated with the Wednesday Club, the State, and several other federated clubs, to prevent women and especially young girls from falling into bad hands.

—Miss Mary Ross Potter, who has been appointed dean of women at North-western University to succeed Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, graduated from North-western in 1892. She prepared for college at Illinois Wesleyan, where her father was professor of mathematics. She received the degree of M. A. from Boston University in 1897. Miss Potter was assistant in languages at the Illinois State Normal University until 1899, when she was given charge of the department of languages of the Northern Illinois State Normal School at DeKalb. Last year she was granted a leave of absence from this institution, which she spent in travel abroad. Frances E. Willard once was dean at North-western.

—Ohio State University will soon have a woman's building. It will be planned and arranged by three women architects—Miss Kenyon Hayden, Miss Florence Hite and Miss Mary McMahon.

—Rev. Caroline Barliett Crane, with the Woman's Civic Improvement League behind her, is a terror to the untidy as well as to the wicked in Kalamazoo. Having done much towards purifying the meat markets of the State and city, she has recently persuaded the city council to adopt the Waring system of street-cleaning. The sweepers will be clothed in white suits and helmets, and will gather the sweepings into bags to be hauled away by teams. *Unity* says: "This is clearly civic house-cleaning, which is a part of civic house-keeping, and house-keeping is the confessed province of women."

—At the 56th Convocation of the University of Chicago, degrees were received by 146 students. The highest honor—election to membership in the Beta of Illinois chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa—was conferred upon three women and one man.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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